

THE CAMPBELL PRESS

AND THE VALLEY ECHO

Volume 35, Number 12

Campbell, Santa Clara County, California

Thursday, December 23, 1937

Merry Christmas!

Current Comment

By R. H. K.

The opinions (if any) expressed herein, are not necessarily those of The Campbell Press.

The current issue of this chronicle is simply lousy with Christmas greetings, sentiments, and morals, but I am not sufficiently strong-willed to pass over the opportunity to wish my readers—all three of them—a merry Christmas.

And now that the amenities have been observed, I'd like to remark that the "heat is on." Referring, of course, to the fact that the institutions that profit from war are already cautiously, but surely edging public opinion into the premise that the Japanese are going too far, and that something ought to be done about it!

Witness the front page space given to the bombing and sinking of the Panay, U. S. gunboat, in Chinese waters. In the first place, having refused to lend material and moral support to the League of Nations, the United States certainly has little reason to kick when things go haywire in territory which, under peaceful circumstances, is lucrative enough for big business (Standard Oil, etc.), because we have reneged our share of responsibility in the problem of keeping world peace; yet the money-press has been subtly, but insistently, urging the national insult, with consequent conclusions.

In the Sunday magazine section of the San Francisco Chronicle—a paper, by the way, which has, for the past several years pleaded a true democratic (working stiff) attitude, led off with an article designed to excuse even the most ardent pacifist for shouldering arms, remarking, half-jocularly, that the writer would probably be accused of "jingoism;" but, in the main, laying the foundation for war hysteria such as was experienced in this country during 1917-1918.

The pay-off appeared in the form of a cartoon in last night's edition of a San Jose newspaper (which means that it appeared throughout the United States, inasmuch as most of that particular papers features are syndicated). In the foreground are two "men on the street," both in a high state of indignation. One of the lads is holding what is supposed to be a newspaper, the headlines of which say: "Sino-Japanese War News." Says he, "Of course, we don't want to get into any trouble, but we don't want to be pacifists, either." It is to be noted that, from the appearance of the conversationalists, both of them are safely past the draft age. Uncle Sam, in the background, says: "Something about those words sounds vaguely familiar."

Those who direct the policy of the papers that carried this particular cartoon would certainly—and in good faith, too—disclaim all war-like motives in the publication of the afore-described picture; but, protests to the contrary notwithstanding, the cartoon is without doubt calculated to agitate the war spirit in the far from tamed bosom of the un-informed American citizen—that is, the guy who still thinks this country entered the infamous World War solely for the purpose of preserving democracy.

Mentally mature persons will realize the futility of trying to carry on international commerce when a goodly portion of the European market is shot to hell with a major war or wars, and we all know that anyone who attempts

Kiwanians Have Party for Kiddies At Tuesday Meet

Twenty-nine kiddies and as many grown-ups enjoyed a Christmas dinner party Tuesday noon when the Kiwanis Club observed its annual Christmas festival.

The revolving Christmas tree described in another item was the cynosure of all eyes.

After a luscious turkey dinner Frank Pereira of San Jose, assisted by Harry Miller, mystified the youngsters with sleight-of-hand tricks. The musical part of the program was supplied by ten year old Carl Michalek who played banjo numbers, and the three young Dousts, Henry, William and Edward and Ira Abbott showed motion pictures.

Mrs. Eulah Hook Clark of the grammar school faculty, Miss Esther Short, school nurse, and Mervin Keesling were guests of the club. Joe Gomes was general chairman.

Next week is the time for reports. Each officer and committee chairman should turn in a written report of the years activities under his supervision.

P. T. A., Kiwanis Club to Sponsor Card Party 22nd

A public card party, sponsored by the Campbell Union Grammar school P. T. A. and the Campbell Kiwanis club, will be held in the grammar school January 22. Proceeds to go for the community service work carried on by these two organizations.

The general chairman for the P. T. A., Mrs. S. N. Hedegard, will call a meeting of her committee soon after the first of the year.

Funeral Services For Mrs. Pavlich Tomorrow Morn

Mrs. Anna Pavlich died at her Campbell home yesterday. She was a native of Yugoslavia, 60 years of age. Surviving relatives here are her husband Jacob Pavlich, a sister in San Jose and a brother in Watsonville. Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 9 a. m. from the parlors of Thomas Monahan, Inc.

HOME FROM ENGLAND

William Trigwell and daughter Ileen, arrived home Monday from their trip to England.

such commerce is taking his (em ployees') life and money in his hands, and if he suffers loss, that constitutes no reason why the entire country should be embroiled in bloody war.

I could go on in this vein for at least 30 columns, but I'm afraid only my three regular readers would follow through to the bitter end. So I'll wind up with the best Christmas suggestions I can think of—and one directed particularly to the mothers of growing boys, and to the young wives of young husbands, and to young men generally; it is this: Regardless of what the war-mongers say, decline to become hysterical over Standard Oil's reverses in the Orient; proceed on the assumption that anybody with a lick of sense would have long ago shaken the dust of that inhospitable country from his dogs, and rest secure in the knowledge that if enough of us so steadfastly believe and act, we will have our families with us at Christmas-time, in, say, 1957! Yee!

Deck the Hall

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,

'Tis the season to be jolly,

Don we now our gay apparel,

Troll the ancient yule-tide carol.

See the blazing yule before us,

Strike the harp and join the chorus

Follow me in merry measure,

While I tell of yule-tide treasure.

Fast away the old year passes,

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses

Sing we joyous all together,

Heedless of the wind and weather.

Churches Unite In Party for Both Sunday Schools

Yesterday was gala day for children of the Congregational and Methodist churches as the Sunday schools of each of them had their annual Christmas festivals. Christmas pageants were presented by young people in each church with the usual distribution of candy.

Sunday morning the Congregational attendants made their annual contributions of foods and toys for Christmas boxes, while the same feature was a part of the program at the Methodist party Wednesday night.

Fire Boys Test New Pumper

Members of the Campbell Volunteer Fire Department have been testing the new pumper that the fire commissioners purchased recently from the P. E. Van Pelt company of Oakdale, manufacturer of small pumps.

The new machine which has a capacity of 500 gallons per minute, is mounted on an Indiana low speed chassis.

Before making the purchase the commissioners, W. H. Stray, E. C. Merrill, Antone Ferro, and Fire Chief Ed Genasci, visited the factory at Oakdale and saw the machines in process of construction, several of which are used in the Bakerfield fire district.

After delivery here of the machine which was done by Verne Sawyer, it was given a three hour pumping test at the Los Gatos reservoir under the supervision of L. E. Busch, chief engineer for the Board of Underwriters.

No new hose will be required at present, but the carrying capacity is 1000 feet of two inch and 500 of one inch. The small hose will be used with the 200 gallon tank which is carried for minor fires.

The acquisition of this pumper is a great relief to the apprehensions of the citizens as the equipment which was in use was not only out-moded, but worn out, and everyone who was aware of the conditions lived in fear of an extensive fire.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

A marriage license was issued yesterday to Edward Gibbons of San Jose and Lorena Wingard of Campbell.

Campbell Quints Take Two Games From Fremont

By Don Martin

Campbell high hoopers began their S. C. V. A. L. season with a bang Friday evening by winning a double victory over the Fremont high cagers.

Defeating the Fremont hoopers decisively, Coach Ralph Noddin's 130 team coasted to a 34 to 12 win. The locals rolled up a 20-5 lead during the first half and the final score would have been much greater had the Campbell regulars been left in for the entire course. Forward Bert Robinson led the powerful local five to victory, displaying some of the class of Campbell's great star of several seasons ago, Murray (Red) Cook.

George Kurasaki, Bert Robinson and Mitchell Lobrovich tallied 12, 11, and 4 points respectively.

Campbell high's unlimiteds also forgot to be good guests and defeated the Fremont quint soundly, 33 to 16. In the opening minutes of play the game looked like a toss-up but by the half time the locals were out in front, 18-10. Sanford Hedegard made several spectacular shots and led the scoring with 11 points. Kaleb Borg tallied 8 and Dave Farley made 9 points in the contest which was played on the Fremont hardwood.

If these two games are evidence of Campbell's strength, Coach Noddin's team should be among the leading contenders for the championship in the league this year.

Campbell will meet Gilroy here January 7 in the next game of the season.

Christmas Service At L. G. Church Christmas Eve

Christmas at St. Luke's Episcopal church, University avenue, next to library and grammar school in Los Gatos, Rev. David Todd Gillmor, rector—Christmas Eve, 11:30 o'clock, Candle light service. A beautiful and helpful hour of worship. Christmas Day, 10:00 a. m., Holy Communion. Special music by full vested choir and a sermon by the rector will be given during each service. A cordial welcome to all people is extended.

Yuletide Party Enjoyed Monday By Club Women

Christmas week was ushered in with a most delightful St. Nicholas Tea Monday at the community hall when the Country Woman's club held its annual Christmas meeting.

The decorations were unusually attractive, the most striking being the revolving tree with intermittent lights. At its base was a snow scene with miniature houses, church, Santa's sled and reindeer. The mantel was banked with pine boughs and on the side panels strings of pine cones were hung on a background of large flat bows of the gayest red oilcloth.

The table at which refreshments were served was a picture in itself. A lace cloth was laid over a very deep rose, almost red cover, and in the center stood a small silvered tree with red ornaments. Grouped about the foot of the tree were silvered cones and leaves and two silver hued dull finish candelabra each bearing three white tapers.

During the short business meeting the usual cash donation for cheer for the disabled veterans at Palo Alto was voted and two new members were elected, Mrs. Pearl Arnold and Mrs. Bertha Jensen.

Mrs. Floyd Bohnett reported on the recent card party which netted \$80 in payment of the new range.

Mrs. M. F. Hughes announced a high school P. T. A. card party to be held at her home on Jan. 10. Mrs. Harry Smith stated that a speaker would consider the topic "Forecast for 1938" at the Jan. 3 meeting.

Mrs. Freeman Howes read the Club Collect at the opening of the meeting and after business Mrs. Hyde presented Mrs. J. W. Forward the chairman, who presented Miss Gwendolyn Thomas who played two interesting violin solos with Miss Dorothy Clevinger as her accompanist. Her selections were an arrangement of "Ave Maria," and a Polish Dance.

Miss Marian Bailey introduced two of her pupils, Elda Beth Payne who gave a reading, "Fat Ladies Reduce," with demonstrations, and Barbara Sproat, whose number was a musical reading, "Goody-Goody," with accessories, and "Santa Claus Up To Date."

A group of Dorice Andruetti's "Sunshine Kiddies" were enthusiastically applauded for their song and dance numbers, little Joyce Macabie in "Christmas Spirit," and a "Gavotte," baby Loretta Bonfanti singing Shirley Temple's popular "Wooden Shoes," dainty Jocelyn Watranga in "Blossoms on Broadway" and a "Military Tap" by Loretta Bonfanti and Jocelyn Watranga. Mrs. Thompson was their accompanist.

Mrs. Leda Gregory Jackson read a charming poem of her own composition, "The Awakening of Ben Abdul," and then led community singing of a group of the best loved sacred carols.

The president, Mrs. R. H. Hyde and Mrs. H. C. Smith poured and the guests served themselves to the dainty cakes, cookies and candies.

The committee that planned and carried out the lovely party were Mrs. Forward, Mrs. T. N. Smiley, Mrs. I. R. Abbott, Mrs. J. B. Strong, and Mrs. R. C. Trowbridge.

IT'S A GIRL

Mrs. Percy Dunlap is home from the San Jose hospital where a daughter, Le'Aileen, was born on December 22. The new sister is being welcomed by two brothers, Bobby and Ronald.

CALIFORNIA

News of the Week

Flood Damage Reviewed

Sacramento.—Damage to State property resulting from the recent storm and floods is estimated at not less than \$1,000,000 by Earl Lee Kelly, State Director of Public Works. Kelly estimated damage to highways and bridges in northern California at \$750,000 and allocated \$165,000 from the State's maintenance fund for immediate restoration. Loss to private property reached a staggering total. Visalia estimated a \$500,000 loss in that area, while northern Sonoma County figured its loss at almost double that amount. Fertile farm lands along the Russian River suffered severe damage by erosion. Damage from high waters which covered Alturas, Modoc County seat, after a power company dam broke is estimated at \$75,000. Downieville, hardest hit of all communities, presented a sad appearance as it emerged from receding flood waters and mud. So serious is the plight of the residents that Federal appropriation of \$250,000 for the rehabilitation of the town is to be asked by Governor Merriam. Some 34 houses in the mountain town were swept away and damage to telephone and telegraph lines alone was estimated at \$25,000. More than 20 automobiles owned by Downieville residents were swept away, one of them carried 13 miles downstream.

Public Praised for Fire Record

San Francisco.—Increased public caution with fire, the fire-fighting activities of the C.C.C. and Forest Service protective forces, favorable climatic conditions and new and more effective facilities for the detection and suppression of forest fires were factors credited for this year's abnormally low fire record in the national forests of California, according to a report issued by Regional Forester S. B. Shaw of the United States Forest Service. Since January 1 a total of 1450 forest fires within national forests of California burned over 15,931 acres, in comparison with 1681 fires which burned 78,571 acres of timber and brush areas during the same period in 1936. Total cost for fire suppression chargeable to fire-fighting funds was \$126,706, or about one-half the sum expended for fire control last year.

New Standard Oil Head Named

San Francisco.—W. H. Berg, who entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company of California as a stenographer 35 years ago, was elected president of the corporation at a meeting of the board of directors here. He succeeds Kenneth R. Kingsbury, who died November 22.

State Liquor Tax Gains

Sacramento.—Sale of excise tax stamps for distilled spirits totaled \$778,885.38 for November, the State Board of Equalization reported. This represented a gain of 1.21 per cent over the same month of 1936 and was above October's sale of \$687,342.29.

Accused of Stealing Railroad

Monrovia.—Three men appeared in court here on charges of stealing a railroad. According to the charges, which they denied, Mitchell E. Goff, Claude N. Wright and Kenneth V. Hobbs were accused of tearing up a mile of track, which had been used in the construction of a dam near here, selling it to a scrap iron company.

Trailers Must Be Inspected

Sacramento.—All automobile trailers subject to registration in California must pass an inspection before 1938 registration plates will be issued, Howard E. Deems, registrar of motor vehicles, announced. Inspections will be carried on at any branch of the Department of Motor Vehicles or at any California Highway Patrol office.

\$175,000 New Citrus Plant

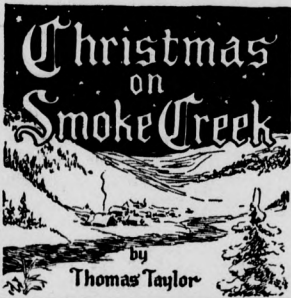
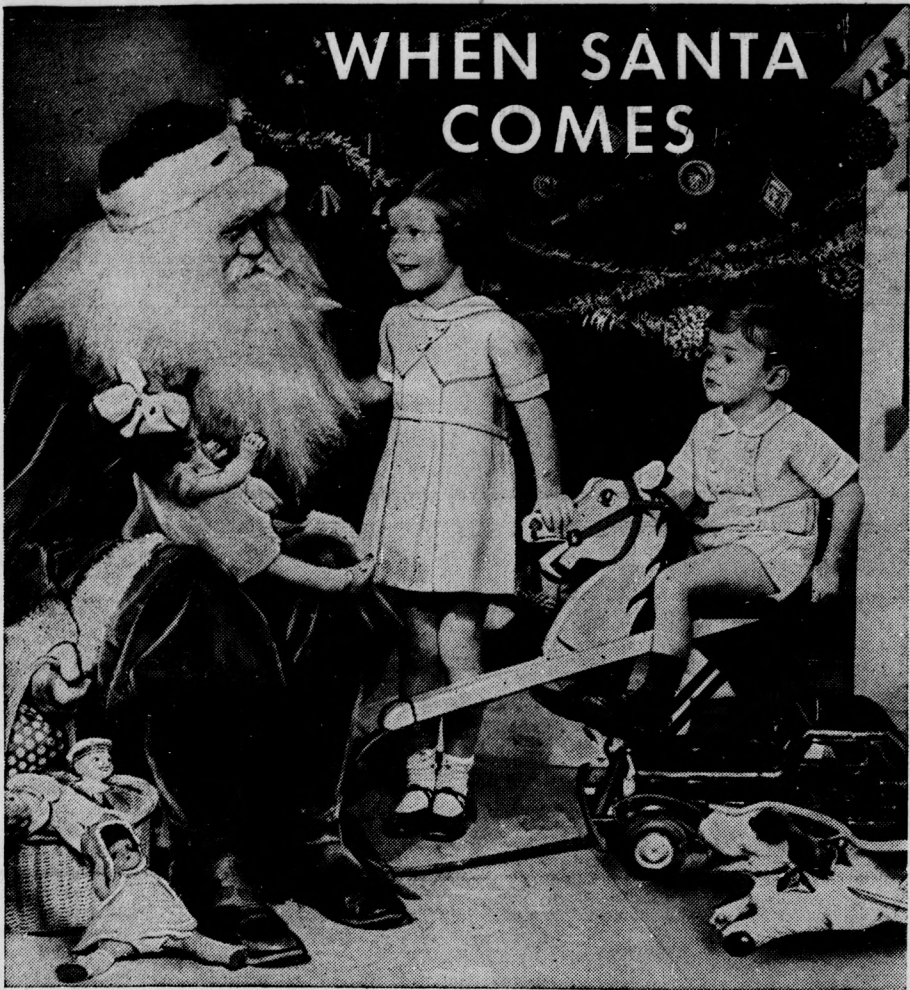
Escondido.—Excavation work has started at the site of a new pre-cooler and refrigerator plant to be constructed for the Escondido Orange Association at a cost of approximately \$175,000. The building will be concrete, lined with Spanish cork. An underground tunnel will connect it with the association's large packing house.

To Buy Bibles for Schools

Buena Park.—Local school trustees voted to provide a Bible for each classroom in the public schools here.

Pasadena.—The famous Rose Bowl, scene of the annual New Year's football classic, will be enlarged 800 seats for the game between the California and Alabama universities. The present capacity of the stadium is approximately 89,000. Receipts of between \$298,000 and \$300,000 are expected, applications showing that 200,000 want to attend the game. The record for receipts was chalked up when Pittsburgh and Southern California clashed in 1930, with a total of \$306,421.15.

WHEN SANTA COMES



THERE was not to be any Christmas tree at the little church at the head of Smoke Creek that year; and of the several families who lived there, not more than half were expecting Santa Claus. The dark days had left the dismal little valley or hollow even more gloomy than it had been in better years, when the mines across the ridge in the next hollow gave some employment to the heads of the families of Smoke Creek.

Jim Knox, who lived at the very head of the stream, was perhaps the most unhappy of all in the



little "settlement." His wife and only child, a son of seven, had died, and his nearest neighbor was Joe Hathway, a bitter enemy with whom he had had many difficulties. So that lonely night of Christmas eve as Jim sat before the open wood fire, with the light of blazing hickory logs his only company, he was not without fear for his own safety—he knew Joe Hathway had threatened his life.

As he sat dreaming his eyes happened to rest upon his rifle standing in the corner of the log room. "That gun or Joe Hathway's will some day tell the tale," he said to himself. He meant that one day, like so many others down the lonesome stream, either he or Joe would go—and using a common mountain expression, "with his boots on." He did not care much if it should be himself; life had come to mean but little for him.

While Jim was thus dreaming, Joe Hathway sat in another log cabin but a few yards down the stream. By chance Joe's attention was called to a book on a shelf. The school teacher had given it to his daughter who had died from the epidemic on the creek. The title appealed to him—"The Christmas Carol." He took the book and began to read. Page after page and chapter after chapter, he read on. It was the first book Joe had ever read. It filled him with new visions and new ways of thinking. He read on till midnight and had been so impressed that he decided to read a chapter from the Bible before going to bed. By mere accident the chapter was one on the birth at Bethlehem. Its teaching overpowered him—he had found the more abundant life.

On Christmas morning when Jim Knox went out to the spring for a

pail of water he noticed something like a card tacked on Joe Hathway's door. He saw no smoke from the chimney. Taking in the water, cautiously he approached Joe's cabin door, and read the note which said:

"Dear Jim: You will find me gone. I was reading some last night in 'The Christmas Carol' and in the Bible. I read that verse that told of peace and good will to man. Said to myself, 'My family is all gone—the last was Mary. She left the book to get me on the right track. There's nothing in this hollow for me any more. Maybe I can find work by New Year's over on Cedar Creek.' You and I never could get along. So to make things better for us both hereafter I am leaving at daybreak. And Jim as I say 'Good-bye.' I also wish to say, 'Peace on earth good will to men.'"

And as another result of "The Christmas Carol" two mountaineers were better men, and though they had no Christmas cards or presents, and no holiday programs, the pines on the hillsides seemed a bit greener and the music of the streams seemed sweeter.

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Boxing Day Is Time for Making Christmas Gifts

THE first weekday after Christmas, Boxing day, is a legal and bank holiday in England, Wales and Northern Ireland but not in Scotland. This is the day on which "Christmas boxes" or gifts are expected by, and given to, errand boys, servants, letter carriers, etc., observes a writer in the Detroit News.

The name "Christmas box" is often applied there to the ordinary gift at this season of the year, apart from this usage. References to the "apprentice's box" and "butler's box" as far back as the sixteenth century indicate that these gratuities were at one time placed in an earthenware box, which could be opened on Boxing day only by breaking it. It appears also that the early church had alms-boxes which were opened only on that date.

Chambers' Book of Days states that the institution of "Christmas boxes" evidently is akin to that of New Year's gifts and, of the ancient Romans who at the season of the Saturnalia, practiced universally the custom of giving and receiving presents.



TOM MADSEN sat beside the fireplace and gazed moodily at the blazing logs, as the sparks spiraled upward. Outside flakes of snow beat against the window pane to the chime of the church bells ringing peace and good will to all the earth.

"Peace," Tom muttered. "Was there such a thing on earth? Not for him, anyway." He had staked everything on his boy. Been both father and mother to him—given him the advantage of the best schools, with a law partnership waiting for him in his own office; and what did he get? "Sorry to disappoint you, Dad, but I don't seem to be cut out for law. Sally and I want to find happiness in our own way. I mean to buy the old Wormley farm and Sally and I will be married there, in our own home, Dad, on Christmas eve."

Young Tom had choked a bit as he saw the look on his father's face. "I'm sorry, Dad; I do appreciate all you've done for me, but the hand writes and moves on, and it's all settled. Be a good sport, Dad, and come to our wedding and give us your blessing." But he had turned on his boy. "Never!" he cried. "See my son married to a



cheap dancer; a commot." "Young Tom's face was white. "Stop, Dad, or I might forget you are my father!"—and he had rushed out of the house.

That had been three long months ago. An eternity for him. He had been too hasty; had been governed by his prejudices. One couldn't measure the present generation by the one of his day. Tom, Jr., was no fool; he should have trusted him to do the right thing; what right had he to interfere; to say how any life should be lived?

Suddenly he wanted to have a share in the joyfulness. He reached for his hat, but remembered it was too late for shopping, but there was his check book. What if Tom refused his tardy offering? The eager look died. There was a loud ringing of the door bell and the sound of rushing feet—the door was flung open. There was Tom, looking just like he used to when he came to him for comfort. "Dad, we just have to have you. Sally sent me to bring you. It's Christmas." Tom, Sr., held out his arms. "We won't disappoint Sally, son."

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STATEWIDE

Farm & Ranch News

Farm Security Group Named

Jonathan Garst, regional director for the Farm Security Administration, has announced the membership of the California State Farm Security Advisory Committee, which will aid in carrying out the Federal tenant land purchase program in California. Named on the committee are William Darcy, Walnut Grove, farmer, chairman; Prof. B. H. Crocheron, director of the University of California college of agriculture extension service; Julian A. McPhee, director of the California State Polytechnic College at San Luis Obispo; Edwin Jobe, Covina citrus grower; M. R. Fuller, Merced farm operator; Eugene L. Shackleton, Stockton teacher; Paul C. Smith, general manager of the San Francisco Chronicle; Mrs. Eleanor Banning McFarlane, Los Angeles, and F. G. Hamlin, migratory agricultural worker.

Weed Control Successful

Carbon bisulphide, employed in a weed control experiment on the ranch of Joseph Gianelli near Chico has proven 100 per cent efficient in killing perennial weeds. Under a Works Project Administration project conducted last May under the supervision of Walter Ball, the State supervisor of weed control, forty patches, totaling 85,617 feet, were treated for hoary cress and four patches, totaling 21,670 square feet, were treated for Russian knapweed. The chemical resulted in a 100 per cent kill of both weeds and also of morning glory. The bisulphide was applied on eighteen inch sections with two ounces of the fluid being used on each section. A crew of fifteen men completed the work. Materials for the project cost approximately \$315. Aside from killing weeds the chemical has proved an excellent fertilizer.

State's Farmers Get \$5,401,000

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics revealed that Texas led all States in the amount of government benefit payments to farmers during the first 10 months of this year. The amount was \$35,585,000, compared with \$23,734,000 for the same period last year. Payments to all farmers totaled \$355,000,000, compared with \$232,000,000 for the same period last year. Amounts paid to farmers in other Western States for the ten months' period included: Colorado, \$4,695,000 and \$2,991,000; New Mexico, \$2,890,000 and \$643,000; Arizona, \$1,126,000 and \$351,000; Utah, \$916,000 and \$476,000; Nevada, \$176,000 and \$31,000; Washington, \$2,925,000 and \$3,786,000; Oregon, \$325,000 and \$1,822,000, and California, \$5,401,000 and \$2,864,000.

Stockmen Elect Chicoan

Four hundred members of the California Cattlemen's Association closed their twenty-first convention in San Francisco by reelecting W. Hugh Baber of Chico president and approving a resolution against the proposed Argentine sanitary agreement. The agreement, pending before the senate foreign relations committee, would permit import of fresh beef from the Argentine. "Outbreaks of foot and mouth disease in Great Britain and central and southern Europe show the necessity of rigid embargo against imports of live animals or dressed products from any country where that dread disease exists, the resolution stated.

Spanish War Boosts Grape Sales

London fruit brokers reported that more California grapes will appear on European Christmas tables this year because of the Spanish war. Reluctance of shipping companies to ply between Spanish and European ports has held up the usual annual shipment of the popular Almeria grapes. Statistics show the United States is shipping to Britain three times the quantity of grapes as last year.

Fruit Exports Higher

A substantial increase in the volume of export shipments of California deciduous fruits during the year was reported by J. L. Nagle, the general manager of the California Fruit Exchange. The exports, which went all over the world, aggregated 1337 cars, contrasted with 1100 carloads during 1936. Nagle said the net F. O. B. value in California totaled \$1,467,580.

America's 1935 cotton crop was valued in dollars only below corn, which is the largest crop in the United States.

AAA Will Buy 1936 Prunes

Government purchases of 1936 prunes will total 9,000 tons, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration office announced. There will be a small holdover of 1936 prunes in the growers' hands. Plans for the purchase of the 1936 crops were based on the belief that if the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation took 8,000 tons the market would absorb the rest. However, following the price decline, dealers made virtually no purchases, leaving a small holdover stock.

Initials on Linens

Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch and French knots, either in a com-



Pattern 1553.

ination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 1/2 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 1/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.



On the Block

Boss (stomping)—You're fired. Stenog—Fired. How you talk. I supposed they sold slaves.

Not One of 'Em

Mrs. Duff—Some things go without saying. Duff—Yes, my dear, but not your tongue.

Backward

A high school girl, seated next to a famous astronomer at a dinner party, struck up a conversation with him by asking, "What do you do in life?"

He replied, "I study astronomy." "Dear me," said the girl, "I finished astronomy last year."

Eye slowness of blondes makes them less safe as drivers, is an optometrist's warning, but most men will just wink at it.

No Bearing

Magistrate (a non-motorist)—The officer has stated that you used bad language when you were stopped.

Motorist—Well, you see, I was in a tantrum at the time.

Magistrate—The make of your car doesn't interest me in the least.

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty. Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

Saves You Money You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of famous Minsiea Waters (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablet), plus the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees)... all for only \$1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

DENTON'S
Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.
4402 - 22nd St.
Long Island City, N.Y.
Enclosed find \$1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....

Under Pressure

By George Agnew Chamberlain - -

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Joyce Sewell, on the eve of her twentieth birthday, rebels inwardly at her lot, dependent on her detested stepmother, Irma, and full of tragic memories of her mother's murder twelve years before and her father's death six months ago. Irma calls in Helm Blackadder, an admirer, to help her persuade Joyce to marry rich, young Michael Kirkpatrick.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Joyce started toward a chair but stopped. "No; if we are going to have one of our reasonable talks, I'd rather stand."

"That means I'll have to stand too," said Blackadder, sensing he faced a wise and clever fighter. "It doesn't leave me a choice, does it?"

"Not if you feel you have to stay," "Joyce!" cried Mrs. Sewell sharply. "How can you be rude to Mr. Blackadder, a man twice your age and my oldest friend?"

"I wasn't trying to be rude," said Joyce coolly, "I was wondering why he's here."

"I've told you. Because he's my oldest and almost my only friend. We were boy and girl together and if I can't turn to him in my trouble I can appeal to nobody."

"Your trouble!" exclaimed Joyce. "If you'd only leave me alone, let me go my own way, you wouldn't have a thing in the world to worry about."

"That's just it—I can't. I can't stand aside and watch you ruin your life. It wouldn't be right. I can tell you to your face, here before Mr. Blackadder, if you don't take Michael Kirkpatrick while you still have the chance you'll regret it the rest of your life."

"So it's narrowed down to Mike, has it?" said Joyce. "How did you come to pick on him?"

As if she were resigning the floor Mrs. Sewell made a gesture toward Blackadder. Strangely uneasy he straightened and braced his elbows on the mantel. He leveled his eyes at her, taking her measure.

"Let's see if I can talk your language. Do you mind listening till we find out?"

"No; I'll listen." "You're young, Joyce, and you're up against a tough situation. You don't like your stepmother. Well, there's nothing we can do about that. Likes and dislikes don't go by favor or obligation; they hang on two Spanish words, easy to understand, hard to translate—simpatica and antipatica. Right?"

"Yes," said Joyce, amazed at the boldness of his attack and startled by his idiomatic use of a language she thought she alone in Elsinboro knew.

"The yoke of living on Irma has been galling you till all you can think of is escape. The first thing you picked on was to be a teacher, but you found out it isn't enough to know your subject—you've got to have a string of silly letters after your name. So you thought you'd be a stenographer and look for a firm engaged in foreign trade. Unfortunately, you're unfitted for business. You'd be an absolute flop."

"Why?" "Because you're emotional and a thoroughbred; the first time you found yourself the mechanical link in a gyp game you'd walk out."

"Then what's left?" asked Joyce dismally as much of herself as of him.

"We're coming to that," said Blackadder sharply. Perceiving he had shaken her, his head moved forward between his shoulders and his eyes grew beady. "You don't like Irma, but you've lived on her since you were eight years old. She's given you everything you've had—shelter, food, raiment and care—and you've never paid for any of it in love or in cash."

"Oh!" gasped Joyce, wincing under the sting of a lash she had used on herself again and again. "How could I? You know I have nothing—nothing!"

"That's not so," said Blackadder, shooting the words at her. "You have plenty if you take it to the right market. Let's get down to bed-rock. Do you dislike Mike any more than you do your stepmother? Do you?"

"No!" said Joyce.

"Then why not live on him for a while where you can pay ten for one?"

Watching her sink into a chair as if he had knocked her knees from under he felt a curious elation. He had beaten her, it had been a hard fight, but he had won out.

"This way out that Helm suggests—" said Mrs. Sewell—"this thing I've been begging you to do—you don't think it's for me, do you? It's for you—for your own good. We're older than you are, we can see back as well as ahead. Can't you believe us? Can't you see it's your best chance for happiness?"

"Happiness!" breathed Joyce. "I suppose every girl has her dream of happiness." Then her low voice began to grow in volume and intensity. "I know I have mine and it's a dream of giving, not taking. I don't mean giving things—money, food,

clothes—because love doesn't grow out of things. Even if you try your best to make it, it doesn't, it won't. I mean giving something that's inside you, that aches to be given and—and—"

"I know, dear," interrupted Mrs. Sewell soothingly, "but believe me, you'll feel all that if you'll only just—"

"Oh, you're horrible!" cried Joyce desperately. "I wish I hadn't told you! Do you think I'm blind? You want to be rid of me—both of you. All right. I give in. I promise. If it isn't Mike it will be something else, some other way. I promise." She was gone from the room before either of them could answer.

CHAPTER II

Her departure left Blackadder breathless and somewhat confused. He continued to stand with his back to the mantel, staring at her as if her hurrying figure were still in sight, filling his eyes. And he had thought she was licked! He became aware of Irma's murmuring voice.

"You were wonderful, Helm, but I knew you would be, I was sure of it. The minute I thought of you the load began to lift off my shoulders and now, whatever happens, it's



A Pungent Odor of Age-Old Paper.

gone. But let's forget trouble. I can't tell you what it means to me to see you standing there like a pillar giving sense and reason to everything in the room, including me."

She smiled up at him expectantly. His lips parted but it was ordained the maid should enter then.

"It's Mr. Kirkpatrick, ma'am." The young man entered, flamboyant as to hair, complexion, manner and clothes. "Michael, you know Mr. Blackadder, don't you?"

"Sure thing," said Mike, holding out his hand.

Blackadder beat him to the grip and almost crushed his knuckles, then let go too quickly for a comeback. Mrs. Sewell came to the rescue.

"You can go right up, Michael. You'll find Joyce in her sitting room. I—I wish you luck."

Something in the manner of her final words made Kirkpatrick glance at her curiously. He nodded and started for the back where a side staircase supplemented the one in the main hall. Arriving at Joyce's door he knocked softly, pretended he heard an answering call, turned the knob and stepped in. Joyce was on her knees before the petaca, in the act of fitting a clumsy key into the homemade lock.

"Where did you find the Ellis island trunk?" he asked jovially.

She turned her head and stared up at him out of unbelieving eyes. "It was my father's," she answered automatically. Then she rose, holding tight to the key, and stood at her full height. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. "Who told you you could come in?"

He backed against the door until the latch clicked shut. "You did. I knocked and I thought I heard you say, 'Come in.'"

"You were mistaken. Please go." "Aw, get off the horse, Joyce. Can't you talk from the floor for once in your life?"

Abruptly her frown deepened. "Did they send for you?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Blackadder and my stepmother."

"They did not; I brought myself."

"Then take yourself away."

"What's the rush, Joyce, now I'm here? Listen, let's have a showdown. I've told you over and over again I can give you a lot of things and so can you, but I've done all the crawling I'm going to do. Besides, I've just had a tip. I may not know books like some of your rah-rah friends, but I can see out of both eyes. So I'm asking you for

the last time—will you marry me or won't you?"

"I won't, now or ever."

He stepped toward her, his fingers itching but his eyes frightened and wet. Abruptly he stopped. Why? He didn't know. She had not moved. She stood with the big key held tightly in her right hand as though it were a dagger. Pressed against her dark dress her fist seemed small and white yet powerful. She had brought him to a halt with only a look—a look of loathing beyond words. He turned, tore open the door and rushed from the room.

Joyce knelt on the floor, then bent over the little rawhide trunk, turned the key and raised the lid. A pungent odor of age-old paper, rust, leather and rotting tape greeted her nostrils.

Her father's last years had left her memory of a weakling, a lovable weakling. Now, immersed in his fervent letters and shocked by the impersonal frigidity of the replies they had evoked, she saw him in his true proportions as a martyr burned at the stake. Slowly, day after day, month after month, yet uttering no cry. Unshed tears stung in her eyes, blinding her. Anger at injustice mounted into rage and rage into the incandescent heat that tempers steel to a cutting edge. He had left no son to avenge his wrongs—only a girl. She dug her nails into the palms of her hands. Some day, somehow, she would find a way. Again there came a knock at her door, a hesitant knock quite unlike her stepmother's.

"Who is it?" she whispered hoarsely.

"It's me, Miss Joyce," answered the maid's voice. "I've brought you a letter and a bit of supper."

"Thanks, Ellen, but I don't want a thing to eat. Please slip the letter under the door."

It was long and without a stamp, probably a circular. Her inclination was to let it lie, but abruptly she was seized by its similarity to a dozen envelopes in the petaca, all bearing the penalty-for-private-use formula. A pale yellow slip fluttered to the floor as she tore open the official envelope and unfolded the letter within. She read it at a glance, then again slowly, word by word: "At the instance of the Mexican ambassador, who has deposited the necessary funds, I beg to enclose a warrant on the Treasury of the United States for \$10,000 compensation in full for the death of Ann Burden Sewell. Your endorsement will be sufficient receipt."

She caught up the pale yellow slip. Sitting cross-legged she stared and stared at it, for it looked like no check she had ever seen. Yet its purport was unmistakable—the Treasury of the United States held \$10,000 at her disposal. The finger of fate was upon her. If this amazing windfall had come an hour sooner she might have signed it over to her stepmother, flung it at her with actual joy, in payment for back rent and board. But not now—no, not now. She put her arms around the petaca, pressed her cheek against its arabesques of brass tacks and bowed her head as if she were making a vow. Presently she went to bed, but lay awake for a long time, dreaming, planning, then floating off into a restful haze midway between sleep and consciousness.

In the morning she was up early. She drank her coffee with eyes on the clock and shortly after nine was being shown into the private office of the president of the City National bank. Toward the last Mr. Bradley had been her father's only remaining friend.

"It's Joyce," she reminded him, "Joyce Sewell."

"Why, of course! How you've grown, my dear. You're lovely!"

"Mr. Bradley, are bankers like doctors, lawyers, and priests? I mean are they bound to keep a secret if you ask them to?"

"They are and they aren't. A court order can open wide our mouths and our vaults, but short of that we're bound to respect our clients' wishes. Why? Have you a secret you want to deposit?"

"Yes; oh, yes."

He leaned toward her and asked in a whisper, "Is it about the check for ten thousand?" She sank back, her eyes wide, the color draining from her cheeks. He patted her knee reassuringly and chuckled. "There, there, that was a mean trick. Nobody knows but me, my dear. It was I who supplied your name and address."

"Oh!" breathed Joyce. "Please don't ever do a thing like that to me again!"

"You're safe. I doubt whether I'll ever have any other chance. But why the secrecy?"

"Because I'm going away and I don't want anybody to know where." She leaned forward. "Mr. Bradley, you know my father's story, don't you?"

"No man knows it better, and that goes for his one-time lawyers."

"I learned it last night," said Joyce. "I read every letter, every paper, every deed back to the original grant from the king of Spain. Is there any doubt La Barranca belonged to my father?"

"None whatever. He had as clear a title as I have to my hat or my coat or anything else I've paid for in cash."

"Then it's mine now."

"I wish I could answer no to that, but I can't."

"Have you a conscience, Mr. Bradley?" she asked soberly.

"Me?" he exclaimed, puzzled and astonished.

"I was wondering whether it's ever right to—to take your conscience and choke it."

His eyes twinkled violently but he did not laugh. "I see. What's your conscience been telling you to do?"

"Give this money to my stepmother."

"What for?"

"Well, for all she's done—keeping me all these years."

Mr. Bradley's eyes shone with a strange and increasing fire. "Who's been stuffing your head with that?" he demanded. "Anyway, let me put you straight. In the first place step-parents are required by law to do what's been done for you; it's an integral part of their original bargain. In the second Irma's kindness ruined your father by keeping him from going to work. In the third, since she's a do-good-to-others addict, she's had her money's worth out of the two of you ten times over."

"Thank you," she murmured. "You don't know what you've done for me. Now I can do what I've been planning; I can go."

"Where to, Joyce?"

She looked at him steadfastly. "All those years my father stayed here, Mr. Bradley. But La Barranca isn't here; it's in Mexico. I'm going to Mexico."

Joyce laid the warrant, already endorsed, on Mr. Bradley's desk and rose. "I'm leaving the money with you, but you understand I may need a great deal of it any day, don't you?"

"Sit down, Joyce," he said soberly. "Do you know what I've been asking myself?"

"No, sir," said Joyce, sinking to the edge of her chair.

"If I had a girl—your age, your looks, your background—what would I want some other fellow to do in this particular case?" He frowned. "Of course you remember Mexico, but do you remember what happened?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Catch Up on Chic



IF YOU'RE a bit behind in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own, Milady, why not take advantage of the holiday season and catch up? Today's trio is especially right for "vacation sewing" because it consists of simple practical pieces that require little time and trouble. Make all three and you'll have gone a long way toward putting the old punch back in the game.

Streamlined Styling.

The slip at the left is all you could wish for from the standpoint of styling. It offers superb lines from the moderately low cut V neck, through the dart-fitted waist right down to the very hem. The clever overlapping back is light proof and provides an action pleat so necessary for complete satisfaction. Important, too, is the fact that you may choose the material you wish in your own color. Better make it in duplicate for many meticulous months ahead.

Pretty in Sheer Wool.

The two-piece in the center is, like the slip, heavy on style. The defined waist is effectively young

as is the flowing skirt and little round collar. It is just the frock to give one lots of git-up-and-git for the second semester, or "to break the ice" whenever one is anxious about one's appearance. It can be the height of chic in sheer wool—very pretty in flat crepe.

Modern Home Dress.

When it's home you're thinking of you naturally turn to a frock like the third member of the trio at the right. This button-all-the-way model is different enough to delight you and simple enough to set you sewing at sight. It is cut for comfort but with an ever watchful eye on that elusive little thing called chic. Crisp contrast may be had in the collar and cuffs and in that trim row of buttons that march down the line—and then back again. Look fresh in your version in pretty percale.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1946 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch fabric. One yard of ribbon is required for shoulder straps.

Pattern 1404 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1390 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. The collar and cuffs in contrast require 1 1/4 yards material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Reputation a Shadow

A man's character is the reality of himself; his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him; character resides in him, reputation in other people—the one is the substance, the other is the shadow.—Beecher.

"Quotations"

Men are not free to love their fellow men when they are consumed by love of gain.—Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—Carlyle.

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity of self-examination.—Mencius.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—Chapman.

Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.—Herbert.

Happiness cannot be found in seeking it.—Dr. Phillips Endecott Osgood.

PEACE

When a cough due to a cold plagues you, give your throat peace with a Smith Brothers Cough Drop, Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

United States and Great Britain Have Thirty Per Cent of World's "Who's Who"

The United States and Great Britain have more than 30 per cent of the persons listed in the international "Who's Who" published in London. This book, 19,000 biographies of persons who were considered by the editors to be of "international prominence," had 3,150 persons from Great Britain and 2,650 from the United States.

The total percentage of women in the book was only 1.6 and Great Britain's contribution was only 2.8, but the United States women had 5.6 per cent of the space.

Frank B. Littell, of Washington, dissected the lists in the magazine "Science" and found the following percentage distribution of international celebrities by nationalities:

Great Britain, 16.7; United States, 14; France, 9.1; Germany, 8.2; Italy, 3.7; Sweden, 3.3; Japan, 2.6; Denmark, 2.3; Hungary, 2.2; Canada, 2.2; Netherlands, 2.1; Australia, 2.1; and Poland, 2.1.

A comparison of the distribution of internationally known men in the United States and Great Britain shows where the most striking recognized advances have been made in the two countries. For example, politics is first on the British list and fifth on the American list. Since the British have dominions all over the world and thus are, in a sense, internationalists, this could be expected. On the other hand, scientists led the American list, as might be expected from the "inventiveness" and most science-worshipping nation in the world.

Of the 2,650 Americans in the "Who's Who" 610 attended two colleges or universities, 200 attended three institutions and 110 attended four or more. On the other hand, 420 did not list any college education. Harvard is the alma mater of more famous Americans than any other school. Columbia and Yale were next.

Many Immune to Seasickness
Many persons are relatively immune to seasickness, particularly acrobats, tightrope walkers, professional dancers and others whose occupations require considerable body balancing.—Collier's Weekly.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"That feels better . . . but it's still a little snug."

The Campbell Press and Valley Echo

Published Every Thursday at Campbell, Calif., by

EDNA F. SMITH

Entered as second class matter Sept. 30, 1904, at the Postoffice at Campbell, Calif., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Sub. \$1.50 year in advance. Ad. Rates on Request

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmastide again lays its magic spell upon the hearts and homes of America.

The joyous strains of its carols once more proclaim, "Peace on earth and good will toward men!" Yet that message is as ageless today as when it first reached the wonderstruck ears of humble shepherds centuries ago on a hill near Bethlehem. This week the Christian world honors that message with gift-giving and with warm greetings of great good will.

We welcome this season of glad tidings, for we know it wields a potent spell on the hearts of men. It softens the embittered soul of lonely old Scrooge. It can be heard in the piping voice of crippled Tiny Tim, shouting gaily to all of us, "Merry Christmas, and God bless us everyone!"

And the children know its spell, too, for don't they see it in the jolly face and crinkling smile of their snowy-bearded Santa? And in the bulging stocking that makes their eyes dance on Christmas morning?

Even the fragrant green wreaths of cedar and shining holly, the crimson of our toyon berries, and the flame-petaled poinsettias, seem to add their brightness to the festive air that fills the Christmas days.

To people beset by war and privation in lands less fortunate than ours this Christmas, we extend the hand of fellowship and a heartfelt wish that the coming year may bring a speedy end to their strife and suffering.

When the pungent, golden roast fowl is bowed onto America's Christmas dinner tables, the cheerily crackling old-time Yule log will be missing from modern homes. But have no fear! The magic spell of Christmas is abroad in the land, and hearth-fires are banked with the warm glow of friendliness and good will toward men!

CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

"Give me a home where the buffalo roam," has become more than just the plaint of radio's cowboy crooners.

It's America's theme-song. It voices the restless urge of America to be footloose, to shake off the dust of the homeground, and take to the long, winding highway.

Americans seem to prefer a rolling home with four wheels under it, to a home with four walls and kitchen—and we're not referring to trailers only! Last year, we as a nation, bought four million new automobiles, but only one-sixteenth as many new homes!

The number of registered automobiles in this state has climbed to 2,500,000, topping New York. But the problem is more than economic. Increasingly jam-packed highways are breeding a staggering death and injury toll which this year has smashed the 1936 record. One prime hazard, the railway-grade crossing, is being eliminated. Even so, nearly a quarter of a million such crossings remain.

Meanwhile, their death toll continues to mount over last year's. It will doubtless shoot even higher if a train-limit bill is enacted, for the more trains there are passing a given crossing daily, the more accidents. There's still time, fortunately, for people to advise Congress against such a measure.

Undoubtedly super-highways carrying six to eight streams of cars, the eventual elimination of highway-grade crossings, full night illumination of main arteries, will be the hallmarks of motor travel in the future.

These increasing safeguards are necessary if America continues—as seems likely—to heed the call of the open road, winding away to the mountains, the sea, and the plains.

STORMY WEATHER

We haven't heard whether any weatherman in the Orient hoisted aloft his weather balloon on Dec. 12. That was the day, you will remember, when Japanese aerial bombers staged a foray over the mighty Yangtze and sent a U. S. gunboat and three American steamers to the river bottom.

A weather report might have given additional support to the startling idea just set forth by Clarence A. Mills, professor of experimental medicine at the University of Cincinnati.

It's a long way, at first glance, from the fickle tides of mercury in a thermometer's tube to machines and troops massed for battle. But Professor Mills, who has made an intensive study of weather's effect on military movements, says climate plays a big part in war-making.

He declares "the ease or difficulty by which body heat may be thrown off dominates the entire existence level of man."

Filing his evidence, this doctor reports that revolutions unceasingly take place in cold stormy years after prolonged warmth—as the French revolution did in 1789. He cites America's entry into the Great War. We kept our skirts clear for three years—and then entered at the close of one of the coldest winters in 50 years. Numerous similar instances are mentioned.

What we need next is some genius who can keep the Gulf stream at an even, warm temperature, regulate the sun spots, and banish the spectre of icy-bearded cold waves. If prolonged cold weather starts a whole nation reaching for guns, then apparently what the world should have is air-conditioned, central heating! It's not the war—its the humidity!

NOBLE EXPERIMENT

Exactly 20 years ago this month America launched her noble experiment.

On that day, the 18th amendment was submitted to the states for their ratification. Little more than a year later, lawmakers of Nebraska, the 36th state, voted their approval. On Jan. 16, 1920, the prohibition amendment became the law of the land.

Despite its high-born aims, the statute ushered in no shining millennium of sobriety. Lawlessness, racketeering, gangsterism, and flaming youth marked the decade of the 1920's as one of the most irresponsibly cockeyed eras in the country's history.

Even Prohibition's repeal, four years ago this month, hasn't completely cured America of the hangover it acquired then. The hi-jacking and racketeering which came to full flower in that decade, proved too profitable a source of income for the underworld's rod carriers to forsake. With repeal, many of them settled down to prey on legitimate business, as racket-buster Dewey's sensational graft investigations in New York have recently shown.

Yet despite its prodigious cost, the noble experiment taught a lesson well worth the learning—that a law is unenforceable when it hoists a "Stop" sign to block the wishes of the majority.

Some politicians, of course, haven't learned that lesson. From now till next August, California voters will be asked to put their signatures to all manner of costly, unworkable initiatives or referendums. Let voters pause, probe, and think twice before signing. There may be a catch!

PARADOX!

Strange paradoxes haunt the day's news in California.

John Riley, found dying at the side of a road, protests to his rescuers, "I'm all right. There's nothing the matter with me." But it seems there was, for shortly afterward he died. Doctor's verdict: Starvation.

Obviously, production curtailment is not the answer to the problem of John Riley—nor to the problem of other Americans slightly better off than this hungry wanderer. One-fourth of America's families, we are told, remain undernourished! But there are crusaders who would do far more than regulate production. They would even prohibit low cost distribution through centrally managed stores. This, to them, is a far greater crime than making a richer variety of nourishment available to more people. Strange Paradoxes, indeed, haunt the day's news!

AMERICA'S NEW CREDO!

Christmas baskets, plumply stocked to the brim, are adding a cheery brightness to the homes of thousands of California's needy this week.

This year the state, playing the role of provider for the aged and needy, is totting a bigger load than ever before. Private charities, as well, have waged vigorous campaigns.

This reminds us that the word "charity" is beginning to sound like a distant chime from a fast-fading era. And so do its companion words, "The indigent" and "deserving poor." Relief is no longer called charity. It is, for better or worse—the point is often hotly debated—called justice.

Definitely there is a new philosophy of relief abroad in America.

A course in this philosophy is one that we, as intelligent citizens, should thoroughly study. It is a costly philosophy. We bear its expenses. We should determine how much of its costs we want, or can afford, to bear.

A course in this subject—which should be made compulsory!—would unearth such worth-knowing facts as that county budget allowances for relief for 1937-38, are 50 per cent higher than last year in California. It would inform us that California has the most liberal old age pensions in the United States. And this is but another way of saying that California may soon prove to be a beckoning haven of refuge for the needy aged of all other states.

No one will flunk us if we fail to study up the new philosophy of relief. Not at all. But we shall most certainly be billed for its costs if we fail to do so!

POT OF GOLD!

Even the ill wind which battered most of California last week is going to blow somebody good. It brought a rainbow—and a pot of gold!

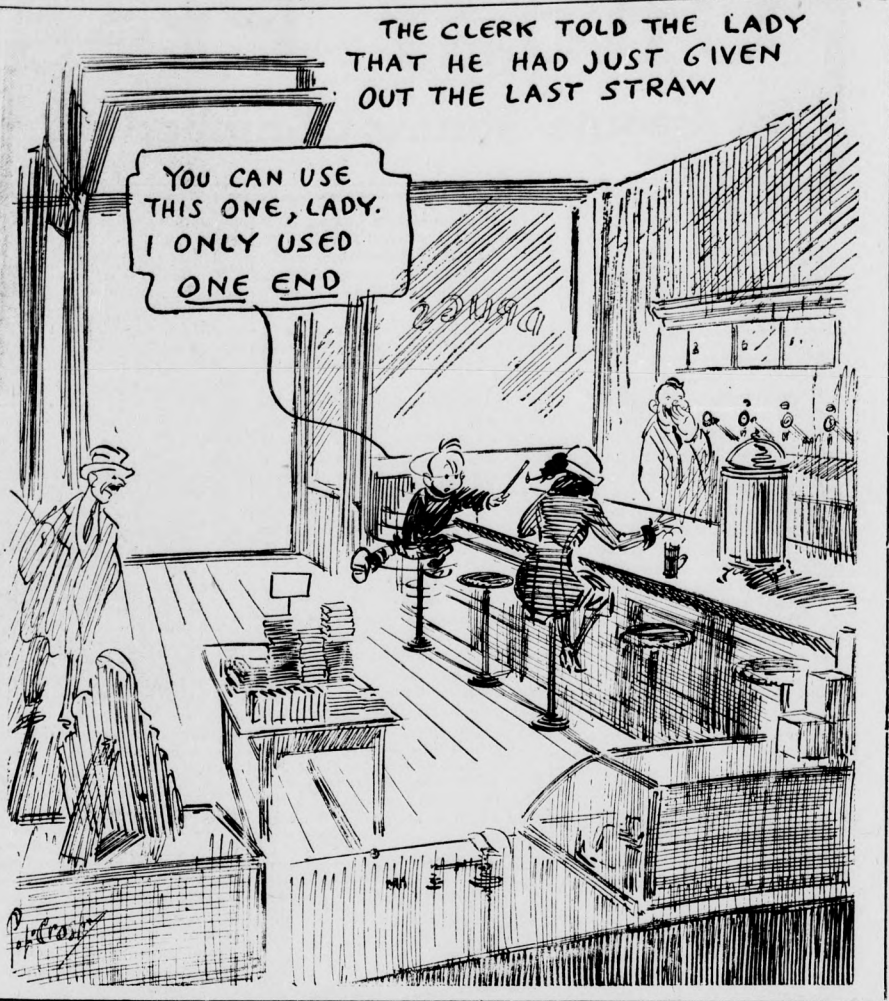
Not a big one, to be sure, but enough to bring a glint of welcome to the eyes of prospectors in California's old historic mining towns along the Yuba, Feather, and American rivers. The annual rains always wash down new placer gold from the mountain gorges and crevices. But in last week's flood-tide storms, miners and their families saw the promise of unusual hauls when spring comes to the Sierra. The raging waters not only will wash down more gold against the sandbars, they may have exposed some quartz ledge, or uncovered some rich deposit, hidden for centuries. What a find that would be for some miner and his wife and children!

The wild torrents have brought their pot of gold. Yet not till the green tides of spring sweep over the mountains, will the prospectors be able to seek it, but they have seen the rainbow. They know it's there!

The reason residential building is lagging is that people are not buying houses fast enough, and the reason people are not buying houses fast enough is that they are too expensive. The reason they are too expensive is that it costs too much to build them. The President in devising a building boom program might take these facts into consideration.

When there's a Boy in the family

By Percy Crosby



Current Events Interpreted

Shall The People Speak?

Sponsors call it a new and mighty brake against involving this country in war. Opponents believe it's only misguided, wishful dreaming. At any rate, members of the House of Representatives on January 10 will prod their tenters into a much debated constitutional amendment. It would require a referendum among the American people before war can be declared. This proposal had been incubating in the House Judiciary committee for three years until a few days ago, when relations between this country and Japan became somewhat strained over the Yangtze river bombings. Interestingly enough, a recent nationwide poll on this proposed amendment revealed that a division of opinion on peace, as on the New Deal, follows party lines. Democrats tended to oppose the measure, believing the President and Congress should retain their present power to declare war. Republicans largely favored the measure. Why not let your congressman know how you feel about it?

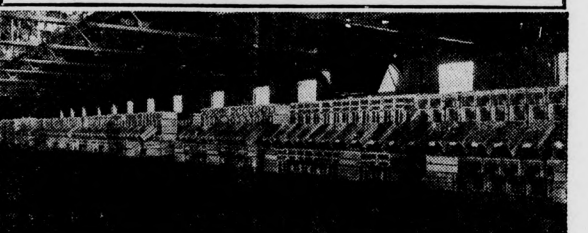
Uncle Sam As Kris Krinkle

When winter's hand smites the land it's easy to tell his arrival. Not only rough weather, but the swelling hanks of unemployment herald his advent. So do rising costs of government aid to the jobless, now \$5 million more a week than they were a month ago. At least, we're glad to know these newly unemployed will have a better Christmas because of a paycheck from Uncle Sam. We hope that when Kris Kringle packs in from the North in '38 they'll have an even better Christmas—because of a paycheck from American industry! A single one of our giant industries, such as railroads, makes out a \$5 million paycheck daily to its workers when its purchasing power is at par. Increased rates to rails would doubtless restore that power. Then, as President Roosevelt urges, this now ailing mainstay of business would be in a position to tighten up the slack in unemployment. The costs to us would be far less than forcing Uncle Sam to play Kris Kringle always!

Adonis Is Grilled

The life of a screen Adonis is obviously no primrose path of thornless roses. One has only to observe the strenuous experience undergone by Robert Taylor on his recent arrival from Europe, with a suitcase thoughtfully filled with presents for Barbara Stanwyck. Though mobs of Mr. Taylor's

81 Miles of Boxed Fruit Sold Through One Auction in a Few Hours!



Partial View of One Day's Receipts at New York Fruit Auction (top), and Buyers Inspecting Samples Before Sale.

NEW YORK CITY.—Visualize ten rows of boxed citrus and deciduous fruits laid end to end stretching across the entire length of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge; or, thirteen tiers of the same fruit-filled containers piled flat one upon another reaching into the sky as high as Mount Whitney or Mount Rainier. In other words, a single line of boxes packed with oranges, grapes, pears, apples, peaches, pomegranates, plums, persimmons, grapefruit, pineapples and other fruits, reaching lengthwise for a distance of eighty-one miles; or, a single pile penetrating the stratosphere to an altitude of thirty-seven miles!

That gives some idea of the tremendous volume of these fruits that were sold through the New York Fruit Auction in New York City in a few hours' time on a recent Monday.

The one day's sale comprised 238,060 boxes, crates and lugs of fruit, which were received in 379



refrigerator cars. Products from California, Oregon and Washington included in this sale were: 100,656 lugs of grapes; 28,101 boxes of pears; 14,882 boxes of apples; 15,238 boxes of oranges; 4,486 boxes of lemons; 3,200 crates of figs; 1,162 crates of plums; 1,116 lugs of pomegranates; 1,371 lugs of olives; 3,923 boxes of persimmons; 1,127 boxes of peaches, and 917 lugs of quinces.

Extraordinary? Not at all. Just an average Monday's sale through that auction during this season of the year, which makes it obvious that New Yorkers and Brooklynites relish California and Pacific Northwest fruits.

women admirers worship him uncritically, screenom's new hero runs smack into a different world when male reporters get their clutches on him. In the midst of Mr. Taylor's breakfast aboard the Queen Mary, ships' reporters cornered him with a siege of soul-searching queries. They wanted to know if he really said he was beautiful. They chided him sharply for not shaving that morning. And they ended the interview by needling Mr. Taylor with a philosophic poser—would he rather be brainy or beautiful? However, the screen Adonis stuck grimly and quietly by his breakfast of eggs to show he could take a grilling—even if he couldn't give one.

Tip-Off!

And now, save for New Year's games, old King Football has been chased to the showers by his fleet and speedy successor, basketball. Already teams from the universities of Southern California, Stanford, and California have set out on barnstorming trips through the country, limbering up for the conference season. This youngest major sports—it's 46 years old—has mushroomed into great popularity only within recent years. But there's no doubt now that California and the rest of the nation have established it as winter time's

most exciting successor to the gridiron.

Gift From A Friend

Man's ingratitude to man can be a cold and terrible thing. For 18 years two families, living in Los Angeles across the street from each other, had been great, close friends. The head of one family owned—as he still does—a prosperous manufacturing firm. The head of the other family worked for him as salesman. As Christmas surprise, the manufacturer decided to turn the business over to his old friend. To make the gift all the more overwhelming, he determined to make no mention of it till Christmas day. But Fate had an even more overwhelming surprise in store for the manufacturer himself. While the two families were having dinner together several nights ago, a policeman strode in and arrested the salesman on suspicion of conspiring to kill his employer—in order to get control of the business! The culprit readily confessed, then committed suicide. And because of man's ingratitude, no Merry Christmas can lighten the hearts struck by this tragedy!

PUMPKIN and MINCE
PIES
25c — 35c — 45c
TASTE GOOD BAKERY



The FARMERS CORNER
by RALPH H. TAYLOR
Executive Secretary
Agricultural Council
of California

Old-time "confidence games"—the money-making machine racket, the unclaimed estate in Spain, the magic elixir that its barkers claimed would make old men young, and young men wise—have gone the way of the world.

Perpetual motion and The Fountain of Youth, gold bricks and bargain-counter sales of the City Hall are too crude to fool the up-and-coming Californian of this twentieth century.

But man, it seems, is no less gullible. Like a trout that has grown suspicious of salmon eggs, having seen too many of them, he steers away from the too-often-offered round, red lures, but breaks water to strike at a skillfully cast fly. A change of bait and he's ready for the hook!

A cynical philosophy, perhaps, but a truthful appraisal—for at least a goodly proportion of California's citizenry, California voters, for example, have repudiated the old, discredited single tax (exorbitant land tax) at no less than a half dozen elections—by overwhelming majorities. The theory that "the private ownership of land is against natural justice," as expounded by Henry George, was too much for independent farmers and home-owners. And the idea that they should bear the whole load of governmental support, merely because they had, by frugality and years of struggle and privation, acquired a piece of property, was a patent-remedy that tasted bad, no matter how glib the spieler.

So California repudiated the single tax by increasing majorities each time it was offered. But an offer to repeal a tax—that's different!

So the new bait, now available on almost any California street corner, reads like this:

"Sign this petition which (in bold red letters) REPEALS THE SALES TAX, prohibits future sales taxes, REPEALS THE USE TAX, THE PRIVATE CAR TAX, the Riley-Stewart Property Tax Limitation for State Purposes; EXEMPTS immediately \$1000 of assessed value of improvements occupied by owner as a home and all remaining assessed value of improvements and personal property from taxation in nine years at rate of 10 per cent per annum."

The taxpayer who wouldn't be interested in all that "relief"—all wrapped up in a single package—wouldn't be tax-conscious. It sounds like Santa Claus in one of his grander moments.

But California voters, by this time, should have learned, of course, that the only real way to "repeal taxes" is to lower the cost of government. And when nothing is said of reduced governmental expenditures, it would be wise to inquire what tax is proposed as a substitute for the taxes to be repealed.

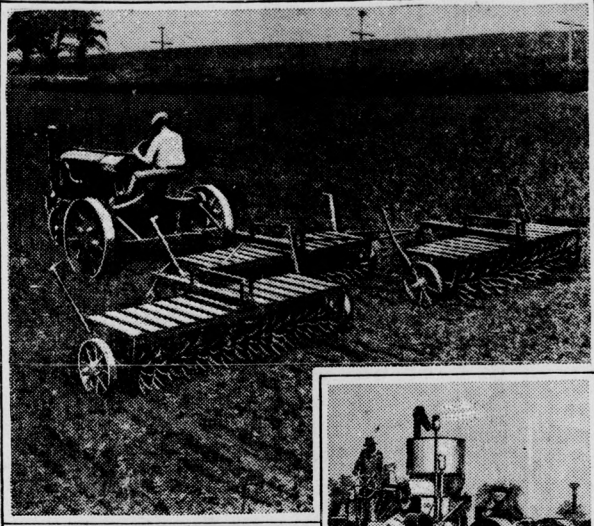
In this instance, it's the same old tax in a new wrapper—the single tax, masquerading as a repealer. Last year, the state supreme court barred the "single-Tax-Sales Repeal" Act from the ballot for the same type of deception, except that last year the attempt at misrepresentation was incorporated in the title of the act, while this year the bait comes in a handbill (to evade court action), with the handbill more conspicuous than the joker-laden petition accompanying it.

Tens of thousands of California citizens have succumbed to the lure and signed these initiative petitions—petitions for an act which would drastically increase their taxes and endanger their ownership of their farms, homes, or businesses. But the act has not yet qualified for the ballot (it requires 186,000 valid signatures)—and its qualification can still be effectively prevented if voters will refuse to take the hook just because it is cleverly baited.

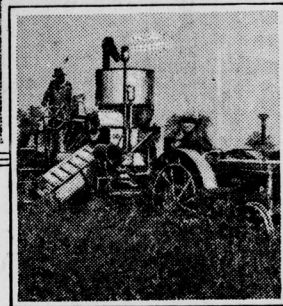
Perhaps it's time to look beneath the handbill and read the petition. If you read it carefully, you'll find the sharp-barbed hook of the "single tax" with a carefully hidden proviso transferring the tax load now carried by the sales tax and several other taxes to the land. If in doubt, keep your fountain pen in your pocket—it may save you money.

Migrate on Foot
The corn-crakes of the Nile region migrate long distances on foot. They fly only when crossing the sea.

He's An Industrial Worker!



YOU would naturally think of the man operating the tractor as a farmer. And he is a farmer, but he's also an increasingly important figure in the industrial world, not only as a consumer but as a producer. He's engaged in hoeing up a field of soy beans which later, after passing through various factory processes, you'll be using in the form of paint and varnish, soap, linoleum and scores of other products. Consumers Information points out that 91 million pounds of soy bean oil, a comparatively new crop for American farmers, was produced in one recent year. Of this amount, 2½ million pounds went into the soap kettles, 5 million into linoleum and 13 million into



paint and varnish. This brand new market for American farmers, who are now growing a large number of industrial as well as food products, has been developed, like many others, through the vast research programs undertaken by American industry, whose laboratories have added untold millions to the national wealth and also thousands of jobs for American workers.

Campfire Notes

Marilyn Anderson, Scribe

The A-o-ki-wa group was promoted to the Tu-as-ia group this fall. Since that time many things have happened. A few of the more important events in which the group has participated are here related.

First was the election of officers as follows: President, Elaine Jeffers; secretary, Elizabeth Howe; treasurer, Mabel Townsend.

Two meetings were given over to the direction of first aid by Mabel Townsend who had passed her first aid test.

Christmas gift boxes were decorated for the Women's Service Club. Also a Christmas party was given to the mothers with all the groups helping with the program and refreshments.

A Council Fire in January will be the subject of interest for the Woodgatherers. The group will be working on Count Books until then.

Weight of Cordwood

Cordwood will average in weight as follows: Hickory, 4,468 pounds; red oak, 3,255; ash, 3,443; hard maple, 2,864; beech, 3,234; white oak, 1,870 pounds.



THE PRESS

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HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

By DON MARTIN

SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS

The A Cappella choir rendered several selections at the special student body meeting which was called on Thursday to sing Christmas carols. Under the direction of C. P. Klassen, the group sang, "Silent Night" in English and German. Girls from Miss Elizabeth Thomas' Spanish classes sang "Silent Night" in Spanish.

HOLD PARTY

In the annex Friday at noon the Poetry club held its annual Christmas party. According to President Virginia Binder, the affair was a decided success.

Members of Miss Thomas' foreign language classes held Christmas parties during their respective periods Friday. Gifts were exchanged and refreshments served.

NEW HOME

Miss Hancie Naylor is having a six room house built on Alice avenue on the lot between the Walker Vaughn and Ralph Marsh properties, which she purchased when the tract was opened. For several years she and her mother have occupied an apartment in one of Mrs. Mary Palmer's houses on North Central.

GUESTS OF PRESTONS'

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fields (Irene Preston) will arrive tomorrow to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Preston. Mrs. Fields has been teaching for several years as one of the faculty of the Vista schools.

Confucianism

Confucianism is the philosophical system of Confucius and his disciples, the basis of much of Chinese ethics, education, statecraft and religion. Its cardinal virtues are filial piety, benevolence, justice, propriety, intelligence and fidelity.

INSTALLATION

The installation of officers of Charity Lodge will be held next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock following a 6:30 p. m. banquet and entertainment. Invitations have been issued to members and their ladies. At the stated meeting on January 3 the San Jose De Molays will put on a degree before Charty Lodge, and all former De Molays are invited.



Yuletide Greetings from Ray Mathis and the Staff
[Red & White Store]

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THURS., FRI., & SAT. SPECIALS

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING YOU AND YOURS "A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

- Briardale Mayonnaise, pint jar 25c
- Folger's Coffee, reg. or drip, lb. 28c; 2 lbs. 54c
- Snowflake Sodas, lb. package 16c
- Welch's Grape Juice, pt. bottle 22c; qt. bottle 40c
- Briardale Golden Bantam Corn, No. 2's, 2 for 29c
- Westlake Corn, No. 2's, 2 for 23c
- Campfire Marshmallows, lb. package, 2 for 35c
- Martinelli's Cider, gallon 63c
- Scot Towels, 12 inch rolls 10c
- Sunmaid Raisins, puffed or seeded, 15-oz. pkg. 10c
- Briardale Crab, No. 1-2's 30½c
- Briardale Sweet Potatoes, No. 2½ tins 15c
- Morning Milk, 3 tall cans 22c
- Cluster Raisins, pkg. 15c
- Large Walnuts (Payne's), lb. 25c

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127

SERVICE and DEPENDABILITY

Accident Victim Is Improving

The many friends of Mrs. Harry A. Fore, youngest sister of Mrs. M. E. Mumma with whom she spends her summers, will be pleased to hear that she is improving from the injuries she received in an automobile accident last Wednesday week in Glendale.

Her car was struck from the rear by one driven by a mother who was hurrying to get her children to school. Both cars were badly wrecked and Mrs. Fore was badly injured, suffering severe cuts. One ear was almost severed from her head, the operation necessary to repair the damage requiring three hours.

The surgeon assures her that the injury to the ear will not be noticeable when completely healed, and she is slowly recovering from shock and bruises.

PURCHASES HOUSE

A. T. Davey is repairing and improving the Benner house on North First street next to the E. W. Preston property. The estate became the property of Bert Benner after the death of his parents and he sold it to Mr. Davey.

TO SEE THE GAME

Miss Elsie Merrill will arrive today from Cloverdale where she teaches, and next Thursday she will accompany her father south to witness the Rose Bowl game Saturday.

Snake Travels Tortuous Path

One variety of rattlesnake known as the "side-winder" rolls over the sandy terrain in which it lives in such a way that its direction of travel is almost at right angles to the direction in which it faces.—Scientific American

FROM MARYSVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. James Knappen of Marysville will arrive tomorrow and spend the holidays with their relatives here, C. T. Fawcett, Mrs. H. C. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Knappen.

HERE FOR HOLIDAYS

Mrs. Elwood Baugh and children came down from Oregon Wednesday to spend part of the holidays here with Elwood, who is staying in his mother's home.

TO DUCOR FOR CHRISTMAS

Philip Robson and Miss Helen Stray left early this morning for Ducor to join their joint relatives, Mr. and Mrs. George Stray, and small son, in observance of Christmas.

HOLIDAY FEATURES

- Decorated Gold Layer Cakes 40-50c
- Pumpkin Cakes, Delicious 40-50c
- Panatone (Italian Sweetbread) 25-38c
- Fruit Cakes, Very Best, lb. 60c
- Large Assortment of Special Holiday Cookies

If you have the Turkey, we'll roast it for you Christmas morning

HANSEN'S TASTE GOOD BAKERY

NOW!

A GLAMOROUS SERIAL
OF OLD MEXICO . . .
FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT

UNDER PRESSURE

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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Merry Christmas

from

the Boys

at

Jones Service Station

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Vanishing Wild Life.

VARNER PLANTATION, Tex.—Thanks to wise legislation, the wild fowl are coming back to this gulf country. True, the flocks may never again be what they were; yet, with continued conservation, there'll again be gunning for one and all.

But when I think back on the ducks I saw down here 10 years ago—in countless hosts—I'm reminded of what Charley Russell, the cowboy artist said to the lady tourist who asked him whether the old-timers exaggerated when they described the size of the vanished buffalo herds.

"Wellum," said Charley, "I didn't get up to this Montana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,065,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."

Becoming a Head Man.

LET an unshorn dandruff fancier claim he's divine and, if nobody else agrees with his diagnosis, the police will jug him as a common nuisance and the jail warden will forcibly trim his whiskers for him or anyhow have them searched. But if enough folks, who've tried all the old religions and are looking for a new one, decide he is the genuine article, then pretty soon we have a multitude testifying to the omnipotence of their idol.

Let another man think he is a reincarnation of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great, and if few or none feel the same way about it he's headed for the insane asylum. But if a majority, which is a large body of persons entirely surrounded by delusions, agrees with him that he is what he says he is he becomes a dictator and rules over the land until common sense is restored, if at all.

Let the writer of a daily column begin to think his judgments are perfect and his utterances are infallible—but, hold on, what's the use of getting personal?

Grandma's Togs.

WE LAUGH at our grandmothers who believed that, for a lady to be properly dressed, she should have a little something on anyway.

Maybe those mid-Victorian ladies sort of overdid the thing—bustles that made them look like half-sisters to the dromedary, skirts so tight they hobbled like refugees from a chain gang, corsets laced in until breathing was almost a lost art, boned collars so high they seemed to be peeping over an alley fence. Still, wearing five or six starched petticoats, the little woman was safe from Jack the Pincher unless he borrowed some steamfitter's pliers.

And later when, for a season, blessed simplicity ruled the styles, her figure expressed the queenly grace that comes from long, chaste lines. Probably the dears never figured it out. Just the natural cunning of their sex told them 'twas the flowing robes which gave majesty and dignity to kings on the throne and judges on the bench and prelates at the altar—and shapely women-folk.

How old-fashioned those times seem today when every dancing floor is a strip-tease exhibit and every bathing beach a nudist show; and a debutante, posing for snapshots, feels she's cheating her public unless she proves both knees still are there.

Reading Dickens.

I'VE been reading Dickens again. This means again and again. I take "Pickwick Papers" once a year just as some folks take hay fever. Only I enjoy my attack.

Dickens may have done caricatures, but he had human models to go by. He drew grotesques, but his grotesques had less highly-colored duplicates in real life. And readers recognized them and reassured them as symbols of authentic types. The list is almost endless—Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, Daniel Quilp, Uriah Heap, Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff—oh, a dozen more.

What writer since Dickens has been able to perpetuate one-tenth so many characters? There is Tarkington with his Penrod and his Alice Adams; there was Mark Twain with his Huck Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. There lately has been Sinclair Lewis with two picturesque creations to wit: Babbitt—and Sinclair Lewis.

IRVIN S. COBB

Copyright.—WNU Service.

They're Teaching 'Em Young in Nippon



Wearing cardboard shrapnel helmets and carrying toy guns, these Japanese children are being instructed in the rudiments of warfare as part of their childish play. When the real thing comes along and they are old enough to bear arms for their emperor, they won't be altogether raw material.

Rent for Royal Landlord



Little Kenneth Hodge, two, is pictured as he said good-bye to the two greyhounds, Shot and Nimble, before they were taken away from Launceston, England, to be presented to King George VI as part of a feudal tribute in accordance with an ancient Cornwall custom. Other items in the feudal tribute were silver spurs, a riding cloak and a pound of pepper.

KING ZOG SPEAKING



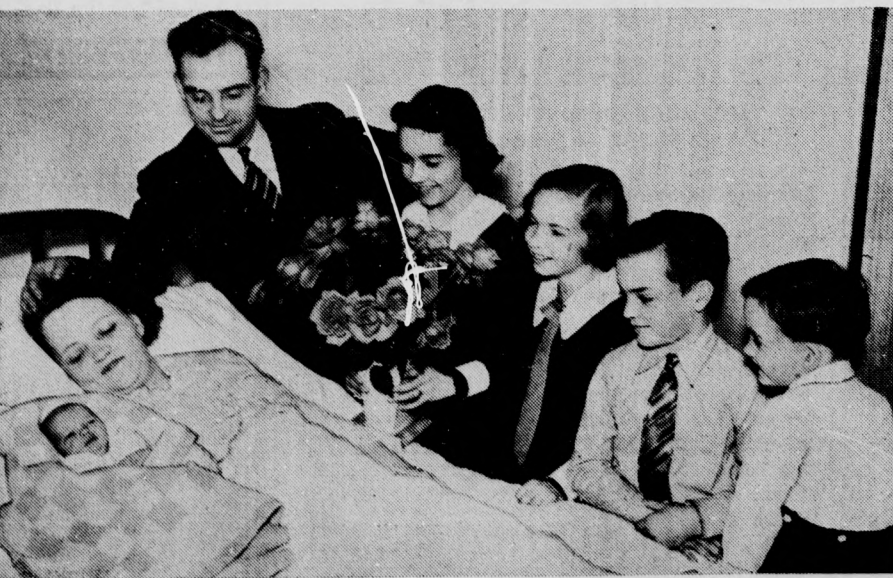
Celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Albanian independence from Turkey, King Zog of Albania is shown before the microphone through which he addressed his subjects at the beginning of the festival that marked the event.

License Plates Boost N. Y. Fair



Pretty Nettie Bomze displays the 1938 World's fair license plates which will help to advertise the New York World's fair to be held in 1939. World's fair promoters believe this will be an effective means of telling the world in advance about the exposition.

Gives Birth to Fifth Caesarian Baby



The Barrett family shown at Mercy hospital, Chicago, where the fifth child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Isabel Barrett recently by caesarian operation. Left to right are James Morgan, newest addition to the family; Mrs. Barrett; Maurice, the father; Alice, twelve; Theresa, eleven; Maurice, Jr., ten; and John, six. The extraordinary series of difficult births is believed to be close to a record.

FARM TOPICS

UPWARD TREND IN FARM LIVE STOCK

Not Until 1940 or 1941 Will Average Be Reached.

By R. C. Ashby, Chief in Live Stock Marketing, University of Illinois, WNU Service.

Not until 1940 or 1941 will live stock numbers be back to average, based on the outlook for meat animals, according to the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

The trend in all live stock numbers is expected to be upward during the next few years, with the larger production of feed in 1937 expected to result in an expansion in hog production and in cattle feeding in 1938.

If feed crop production in the next three or four years is equal to average, supplies of feed will be large in relation to number of live stock, and live stock prices will be high in relation to feed prices. Such a situation would be the reverse of that which has existed in most of the past four years.

Total supplies of meats, excluding poultry, are expected to be larger in 1938, but will continue to be less than average. The increase in total supplies of meats will likely come in the last half of the year and will be largely in pork and the better grades of beef.

It appears now that consumer demand for meats in 1938 probably will be somewhat less favorable than in 1937, the weaker demand and larger supplies probably tending toward a lower level of meat and live stock prices.

Because of the drought of 1934 and 1936, the volume of pork produced in the past three years has been much below average. As a result the total production of meats in this period has been much below average. Production of beef and veal has been somewhat larger than average since 1933. If feed-crop production continues near the 1937 level during the next few years, the trend in pork production will be upward, but such production probably will not reach a level equal to the 1925-29 average before 1941.

Young Turkeys Do Very Well in Breeding Flock

Turkey growers, who will make a business of producing turkey hatching eggs this winter, may wonder whether to use breeding stock selected from the fall crop of turkeys or whether older turkeys will make the best breeders.

Stanley J. Marsden, turkey expert in the United States Department of Agriculture, says research indicates that well-matured young hens and toms are fully as satisfactory for breeders as are older turkeys. In fact, the eggs from young turkeys are likely to be more fertile and are likely to hatch better. Furthermore, young hens will lay more eggs.

Of course, if a turkey grower has kept records of the number of eggs each of his older turkeys laid during their first year, those egg records may show that many of the older turkeys are likely to make better breeders than are the untried young turkeys. But the mere fact that one turkey is older than another is no guarantee that it will make a better breeder.

First Aid Kit for Farm

A first-aid kit for the farm home should contain a book on first aid to the injured; a small drinking glass; two gauze bandages, two inches by ten yards; two gauze bandages, one inch by ten yards; one all-cotton elastic bandage, two inches by standard; one package of absorbent cotton; one box of band-aid; one roll of adhesive plaster, two inches by ten yards; one package of sterilized gauze of five yards; one triangular bandage; six sterilized gauze pads; one tourniquet made of a handkerchief or wide muslin; safety pins; small scissors; tongue depressors; bar of soap; ammonia; camphor, and some emergency disinfectant, such as iodine or mercurchrome.—Wallaces' Farmer.

Keep Some Yearling Hens

A flock of properly selected yearling hens is more valuable for breeding purposes than an equally good flock of pullets, according to C. E. Rohde, of the Missouri experiment station. This is true because yearling hens retained for this purpose have demonstrated their worth as profitable birds. With the most careful selection, this will not be true of as high a percentage of pullets selected for general breeding purposes.

Drilled Well Best

From a sanitary standpoint drilled and driven wells rank first with bored and dug wells following in that order. While there is some possibility of underground pollution, the chief danger is from matter entering the well from the top. For this reason the smaller and tighter the top of the well the less danger of the entrance of foreign material. All wells should have tight platform forms, preferably of concrete, so constructed that drainage is away from the pump.

Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay Heating Expert

WHILE a poker frequently is a handy implement to use on a furnace, let me caution you against using it for the purpose of agitating the fire-bed from above! That results in a lot of trouble for you and for your furnace.

Stirring the fire through the furnace door opening only mixes ashes with the live coals, creat-



ing clinkers. As you know, clinkers choke a fire and prevent the coal from burning freely and completely. Also, they clog the grates, making it difficult to shake the fire properly.

Owing to the odd size and shape of lumps of coal at the point that is poked from above, the fuel-bed becomes packed, and this packing prevents the free passage of air, thus forming clinkers. Clinkers formed this way, however, cause less trouble, for ordinarily they can be broken up and dropped into the ashpit by gently shaking the grates.

Uncle Phil Says:

Respect Due Precedent

Respect for precedent has a solid basis. Don't be contemptuous of precedent, but study its claims to authority.

Gossip thrives less among men particularly because it means a black eye if not worse.

It is nonsense to say that no one is interested in the troubles of others. We're not all inhuman.

Men have had but one burst of extravagance in clothing in the last 30 years. It was when they paid \$8 for a silk shirt.

But Is He?

By his reason a man endeavors to prove that he is rid of some of his primitive instincts.

There is always a welcome place in the world for the young woman who is determined to be a lady.

Why is it easier to start a forest fire with the mere stub of a cigarette than to set a furnace going with two pounds of kindling wood?

666 COLDs and FEVER

LIQUID, TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

Energy Does Things Energy has made more men famous than merit.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—12

51—37

Were you ever alone in a strange city?



If you were you know the true value of this newspaper

Alone in a strange city. It is pretty dull. Even the newspapers don't seem to print many of the things that interest you. Headline stories are all right, but there is something lacking. That something is local news.

For—all good newspapers are edited especially for their local readers. News of your friends and neighbors is needed along with that of far off places. That is why a newspaper in a strange city is so uninteresting. And that is why this newspaper is so important to you.

NOW is a good time to get to...

KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building
Washington, D. C.

Washington.—Authorities generally agree that good administration can make even a good law better in its results and bad administration can definitely ruin it. The same is true, of course, of any law. A bad law's effect can be doubled or trebled by irresponsible administration of its provisions. Of this, I believe there can be no doubt. Certainly, we have fresh evidence on the point over which we can ponder and the truth of the above statements seems inescapable.

I have been among those who have criticized the national labor relations act, and the national labor relations board created by it. It has always impressed me as being a half-baked statute. That it has many weaknesses, there is no doubt. That it has worked out in biased form and that it has done grave damage to the feeling of the general public toward labor organization, there certainly can be no doubt. Or, to summarize the situation, it has been made painfully evident that Senator Wagner, New York Democrat, who sponsored the law, took prejudiced advice when he drafted the measure. He was given only one side of the picture.

But I suspect the law can be made workable and I entertain no thought at all that it should be abandoned entirely. We need a national labor policy expressed in statute form. Changes in its provisions ought to be made, but to my way of thinking there is a more urgent circumstance. The urgent need is improvement in administration of the law in order that the benefits of even a weak and biased law will not be denied to the country's economic life.

It is the recent administrative acts under the law that have brought it into the spotlight again. These acts should be reviewed to bring the whole situation into proper focus for examination, and I shall refer to two of them in this connection. They will substantiate my earlier criticisms.

Early in December, we learned of how the national labor relations board subpoenaed the editor of a magazine. It called for the editor to supply all of the background of information upon which he based an article that was critical of the board. Since the article was critical of the board and its methods, officials of the board regarded the background information as "essential." The article in question had been reprinted and circulated among workers in several mills, according to the board, and this fact was used by the board as a basis for bringing the editor under the board's jurisdiction.

Ten days after the first unusual exercise of power by the board, it took another unprecedented step. Rather, one of its attorneys took the unprecedented step, but since the attorney was an employee of the board, it seems clear the action is chargeable to the board because it is the responsible, policy-making head of the agency.

The second case resulted from the refusal of an editor of a small daily newspaper to tell a trial examiner for the board who wrote an editorial in his newspaper, the St. Mary's (Pa.) Daily Press. Harry T. O'Brien, the editor, declined to answer the question put to him by a board attorney in a public hearing. He stood pat and the trial examiner, Charles H. Bayly, and the attorney, Jerome I. Macht, called his attention to provisions of the Wagner act requiring him to answer. The question of freedom of the press was guaranteed by the Constitution was mentioned, but according to the stenographic record of the hearing, the trial examiner and the attorney each held to the provision of the law as being superior to the other guarantee. Or at least, that is my impression of the proceedings.

As far as I am informed, the board has taken no further action in the O'Brien case. It has moved, however, to enforce its subpoena in the case of Hartley W. Barclay, the magazine editor. A federal court has been asked by the board to enforce the subpoena which Mr. Barclay ignored. He probably will be compelled to appear. At least, he should be compelled to appear in response to the subpoena. No one can ignore a subpoena. As for supplying the information—that is a different matter. His refusal to supply confidential information and imperil the freedom of the press is, indeed, quite a different matter.

As one writer, I hope Mr. Barclay and Mr. O'Brien stick by their guns. I hope, too, that the board will not imperil its existence and the good points in the law by attempting to assert power which I do not believe it possesses. There is no excuse, legally or morally, for a crew of officious individuals to undertake the sort of things disclosed in these two instances. They abuse confidence and besmirch the titles which they bear.

Further, they have forced an is-

sue that ought never to be raised. It is a sad day in our country when government officials, great or minor, try to break through the guarantees which the Constitution gives you and me. It portends more evil things.

Consider, for example, my own personal situation. If the board's attorneys get away with the sort of thing represented in these two instances, how long, I ask, will I be permitted to write as I am now doing, freely, frankly? And if they get away with it, how long will it be until you, who do me the honor to read my reports, will find yourselves without any honest expressions in anything you read? It is not blackjacking the press yet, but if it goes further, that will be the proper term to apply.

Returning, now, to the original premise, namely, that a good law may be destroyed or the effects of a bad law may be made worse by bad administration, it appears to me the conditions related demonstrate the theory as a fact. I have noted some comment on the floors of congress that the board was not aware of what was happening in these two cases; that it had issued no such orders, etc. Such observations require no answer. Anything that is done by any employee of a government agency is done by that agency because it is to that agency, not to any particular person who may be on its payroll, that congress gave authority to act.

I am beginning to doubt that the American farmer is going to have his problem solved, or even partially bettered, by the present tactics. The word "tactics" is used advisedly. Congress has not acted with the full freedom that ought to obtain insofar as the current crop control legislation is concerned. It is suffering from an overdose of some strange medicine, currently called "Wallace's formula." There is real doubt whether the ailment from which agriculture suffers is as bad as the Wallace prescription of medicine for its cure.

Use of the word "tactics" can be further justified if the legislation is considered from the angle at which the problem is approached. I refer in this to the projected limitation on production. That is to say, I believe in processes that will allow all of the production that is possible and that there are ways for handling the surplus without turning over a great industry, like agriculture, to have its fate decided by one man or group of men. The fact is that while Secretary Wallace and his advisers are learned men, they are still human beings. I hold to the old-fashioned belief that even those learned men are not equipped to tell farmers how much they ought to plant and what they ought to plant. It stretches my credulity too far for someone to ask me to believe any government official or anybody else can forecast next month what the demand is going to be next year. And that is almost an accurate statement of what is proposed by the current model of farm relief.

The reason I called the influence "Wallace's formula" goes back several months. It is my recollection without checking up the dates that I reported some goings-on by Mr. Wallace last summer. At that time, I said the agriculture secretary and numerous of his subordinates were traipsing about the country, telling the farmers what was good for them. It was quite evident then, as facts have since proved, the Department of Agriculture was staging a gigantic propaganda for Mr. Wallace's type of farm legislation. He persuaded a couple of senators to go into the interior and hold hearings and it was from these hearings that Senators McGill of Kansas, and Pope of Idaho, both Democrats, obtained their ideas for the bill that the senate considered.

Unless the usual signs at the capitol fail me, the vast majority of the farmers of this country do not want to have their production limited. Probably, the best general statement that can be made on that phase of the legislation was made by Senator Borah of Idaho, who attacked the theory of compulsion vehemently in a speech. Aroused to use of his full oratorical powers, Senator Borah declared to the senate:

"This bill, if enacted, will accomplish two things. First, it will place the farmer under complete bureaucratic control. Second, it will bring about a reduction of crops when millions are hungry and in need."

That thought will be echoed more after the country has tasted of the fruits of the bill than now according to my way of thinking. Therefore, it seems to me that rather than face economic suicide as Senator Borah predicted, congress could very well lay plans to permit unrestricted growth of crops and couple with that the means of taking the surplus off the hands of the farmer.

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Historic Hoaxes

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
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One Born Every Minute

JUST as most Americans believe that it was Abraham Lincoln who first said, "You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time," so are 90 per cent of them convinced that P. T. Barnum originated the saying that "there's a sucker born every minute." The great showman built a fortune on the essential truth of that statement but he didn't originate it.

The man who did was another famous circus proprietor—Adam Forepaugh, one of the founders of the old Sells-Forrepaugh circus. That saying dates back to the days when there was the bitterest rivalry among a number of competitors in the circus field for John Public's dollar.

Destruction of each other's "sheets," (posters), hiring rowdies to try to break up performances, pitched battles between circus crews and frequently bloodshed marked that rivalry. Added to such "direct action" methods was the custom of spreading false reports about a competitor. So Forepaugh thought he could injure Barnum by circulating the story that Phineas had once sneeringly declared, "There's a sucker born every minute." Such propaganda, however, proved to be a boomerang.

The public, instead of resenting this insinuation against its intelligence, chuckled appreciatively over the alleged remark of "Old P. T." and declared that he "had it sized up just about right." Thereby the public proved the truth of another saying attributed (also wrongly) to Barnum. It was that "the American people like to be humbugged."

American Dictator

TALK of the possibility of America's having a dictator, such as is heard from time to time these days, is nothing new. One hundred and sixty years ago there was being circulated in this country a report that congress had conferred upon George Washington the powers of a military dictator and that American liberties were in greater danger than they had been when the country was ruled by George III.

So alarming did the rumors become that John Adams issued a statement which said: "This is as false as the other stories. Congress, it is true, upon removing to Baltimore, gave the general power to raise 15 battalions in addition to those which were ordered to be raised before, and to appoint the officers, and also 3,000 horse (cavalry) and to appoint their officers, and also to take necessities for his army, at an appraised value. But no more. Congress never thought of making him dictator or of giving him sovereignty. I wish I could find a correspondent who was idle enough to attend to every report and write it to me."

It is doubtful if any correspondent, no matter how idle, could have attended to every such report. There were too many of them—all of them set loose by British propagandists to weaken the Patriot cause by shaking the confidence of the people in their leaders. And of them all this one about a dictatorship was the most dangerous for it added greatly to the difficulties Washington was having in that crucial year of the Revolution.

The Nantucket Sea Serpent

JUST as regularly as the bathing season comes 'round each year, just as certainly will there appear newspaper reports that some bather has been startled by the sudden appearance of a "sea serpent," one of those fabulous monsters which human imagination has conjured up out of the deep for centuries.

Back in 1931 such a monster was reported seen in Lake Erie and the "Sandusky Sea Serpent" was front-page news for several days. Then it was revealed that it existed only in the minds of two carnival men who wanted to attract crowds to a popular Ohio summer resort.

Last summer bathers in the Atlantic on the coast of Massachusetts really saw one and the "Nantucket Sea Serpent" became even more famous than its Ohio relative. For it was "genuine" to this extent: it was an inflated rubber monster, designed by a famous artist who is the creator of other such figures used by a New York department store in its annual Thanksgiving day parade in that city.

The appearance of the sea serpent was exposed as a publicity stunt by J. J. R. Indio, a reporter for the New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times, after which several of those who were "in on the stunt" wrote an open letter to the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror telling how it was planned to publicize Nantucket island first and the department store incidentally. Nantucket was selected as the hoax spot because the artist has a summer home there and the founder of the store was born on the island in 1822.

A Christmas Reconciliation



MARY and John had quarreled—just before Christmas, too. The Christmas candy had burned, and then, in the excitement, each had blamed the other, making cruel retorts, until Mary fled to her bedroom in tears and John stalked off in the snowy night.

The Christmas candle beamed a welcome from the window as John started around the block again. He was cold, and sorry, but he mustn't go in too soon.

The tree, the holly, their little girl asleep in her crib and dreaming of Santa Claus—all were a mockery. Mary went into the living room and snapped on the radio, looking for a jazz band and forgetfulness. Instead there came the strains of "Silent Night"—"peace on earth, good will to men."—"God bless us, every one!"—"may nothing you dismay." Wasn't there anything on except Christmas programs? A click brought back the silence.

She opened the front door. Next time she would ask John to come in. Tell him she was sorry. Now that she stopped to think, she knew that he was sorry, too. Why let a few excited words that neither of them meant spoil their Christmas?

But John did not come. It was too cold to stand at the door any longer, but she sat at the window, with the curtain drawn aside, watching for him. An hour went by.

When at last she saw him coming the relief almost choked her. He was striding rapidly, carrying some-



thing in his arms. She opened the door for him and he handed his burden to her.

"Here, Mary, hold him. Careful, now. His leg's hurt. I'll get a box and we'll fix a bed."

Mary looked down at the warm bundle. It was a furry puppy. One leg was in splints. The puppy whimpered a little and licked her hand.

"But, John, where did you get him?" "Accident. Over on Linden. Fell out of a passing car. I took him to a vet and had him fixed up. Thought he'd make a cute pet for Alice—" He stopped his work and straightened up. "I'm awfully sorry, Mary. I was a fool."

"It was my fault, John." Their eyes met in perfect understanding. How silly to quarrel. The silence was a more impressive reconciliation than words. Mary broke it nervously, for fear she would cry again. "There are some clean rags in that drawer. And we ought to get him something to eat. He can have this old bowl for his dish." She worked with one hand, cuddling the puppy. "Won't Alice be surprised? And what shall we name him?"

"Ought to have some connection with Christmas eve, don't you think? How about Scrooge, or Marlow?" "Oh, no!" "Good King Wenceslaus?" "Such names for a poor innocent puppy! Maybe we had better see what Alice wants to call him in the morning." She put the puppy down with a saucer of warm milk. John came and put his arm around her, and they stood close together watching their pet lap greedily.

"We ought to call him Peacemaker, honey," said John. "If it hadn't been for him, I might have still been out there in the snow." "Oh, John!" She held him close. "Weren't we silly? I was so worried when you didn't come. If anything had happened to you I could never have forgiven myself."

"Felt pretty rotten myself. Not my idea of the best way to spend Christmas eve." "Of course! I forgot! We have so much left to do! The tree, and



Alice's doll must be unpacked, and her stocking filled. What time is it?"

"He looked at his watch. "Almost midnight."

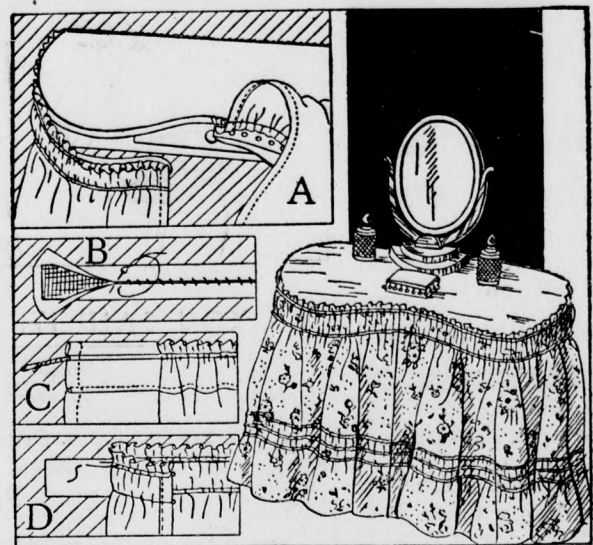
"Not really!"

He nodded, and put his watch on the table. "Here, pooch," he said, "it's bedtime for you." He lifted the puppy into its bed, and turned back to his wife. "And as for you, milady," he said, "in about ten seconds I want a kiss for Christmas, and then we're going to pitch in together and clean up this mess, and trim the tree, and maybe even chance another batch of candy. OK? Then, it's time, darling, to say Merry Christmas."

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HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



A Dressing Table Skirt With Corded Shirrings

THIS dressing table has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2½ inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B.

Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use ¼-inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C.

The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirrings are all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables;

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. How many bachelor Presidents has the United States had?
2. What does the abbreviation "non sec" stand for?
3. How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
4. What is wind?
5. Who was the Greek cynic philosopher who lived in a tub?
6. What is the procedure when a bank certifies a check?
7. What was the last federal territory to be admitted into the Union as a state?
8. What states have women as secretaries of state?
9. In what year did the first financial panic in the United States occur?

Answers

1. Two—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, but Cleveland was married while he was in the Presidential office.
2. Non sequitur (it does not follow).
3. A dog twelve years old is as old as a man at eighty-four.
4. Air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity.
5. Diogenes.
6. It withdraws the amount of the check from the drawer's account, and holds it for the purpose of paying the check which it guarantees.
7. Arizona.
8. There are two women who are secretaries of state, the Hon. Goldie Wells of South Dakota and the Hon. Elizabeth F. Gonzales of New Mexico.
9. In 1791, following the boom in business after the close of the Revolutionary war.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Preventing Rust in Oven.—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

Sliding Dresser Drawers.—Rubbing a candle stub or wax along the sliding edges of dresser drawers will make them move in and out much more easily, even when heavily loaded.

Salt and Pepper Shaker.—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

Lining a Coat.—When lining a coat, put the coat on inside out. Have the lining all ready stitched up, and slip it over the coat. It will fall into position naturally. Pin it in place, and finish in the usual way.

Drying Silk Hose.—Never hang silk hose over the radiator or next to any hot surface.

Split Pea Soup.—Six quarts water, one and one-half pounds beef shank, one pound pig knuckle, one pound split peas, two onions, sliced. Crack the bones and cover with cold water. Add the peas and bring slowly to a boil. Boil steadily for about four hours, removing the scum as it rises. As the soup begins to thicken, cook slowly in order not to scorch. Add the onions about one hour before the soup is done.

Watch Your Step.—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.



What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

The Housewife . . .

"Research Professor of Economy"

SHE'S not a Ph.D. or an LL.D. She hasn't a diploma or a cap and gown. Her research is not done in the laboratory or the library. As a matter of fact, her findings are made, usually, in the street car, in the subway, in the suburban commuter's train.

She reads the advertisements in this paper with care and consideration. They form her research data. By means of them she makes her purchases so that she well deserves the title of "Research Professor of Economy." She discovers item after item, as the years roll on, combining high quality with low.

It is clear to you at once that you . . . and all who make and keep a home . . . have the same opportunity. With the help of newspaper advertising you, too, can graduate from the school of indiscriminate buying into the faculty of fastidious purchases!

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MASONIC NOTICE
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated Meetings held on the first Monday of each month. M. Lloyd Morgan, W. M. T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

Walter I. Merrill, N. G.
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Tel. Col. 3041 F. C. Mosteller.

AT "DOC'S" FOR XMAS
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson and infant daughter are spending the holidays with "granda and grandma" W. I. Merrill.

WATSONS TO TUCSON
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Watson left Sunday morning for Tucson, Ariz., to spend several weeks with their son Courtland and family.

RESTING
Mrs. George Hyde is taking a much needed rest at the convalescent home on Lincoln avenue, where she will remain for a few days.

The FOOD PRIMER
marks the Spot where
The Body was found;
The wife who served Xmas
That didn't go 'round!

By BETTY BARCLAY

Next to tastiness and novelty, a hostess' most important duty is to serve plenty of everything. This is not always easy. Guests will pop in unexpectedly from time to time—and unless care is taken, the icebox and pantry will not meet the occasion.

Fortunately, one need not keep elaborate steaks or roasts on hand at all times. Many of the most delicious "x-mas" imaginable can be prepared at an instant's notice from handy little bottles and jars of packed meats, preserves, or pickles. Because glass has no reaction on its contents, a variety of glass-packed products can be kept on hand with no fear of spoilage. One peek at a row of sparkling glass containers may offer sudden inspiration—or if your imagination needs nudging, here are two "x-mas" dishes that will save you from becoming that gruesome spot marked "X".

Piquant Tongue Mold
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 pint boiling water

2½ tablespoons vinegar
1½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon scraped onion
3½ cups boiled tongue, chopped fine
1½ cup dill pickles, chopped fine
1½ cup mayonnaise
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in onion, tongue, pickles and mayonnaise. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with lettuce and radishes. Serves 8.

Salmagundi
1 cup diced boiled potatoes
2 cups boiled ham or pork, diced
1½ cup cooked peas
2 pimientos, chopped
1 cup celery, diced
2 sweet pickles, finely diced
1½ cup mayonnaise
Toss ingredients together lightly. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise, sections of hard-boiled egg, and beet slices. Serves 6.

YOU KNOW ME, AL



Another Headless Horseman



By RING LARDNER



YOU SAID IT, BIG BOY!



SCARLET FEVER

Mrs. Rose Hanger is awaiting word from her daughter as to whether their third child has contracted scarlet fever from which the two older ones have been released from quarantine. Their holiday visit to Campbell is therefore uncertain.

FLEW TO PALM SPRINGS

Merlin Bohnett accompanied Dr. I. W. Morgan and his brother Kerif Morgan of San Jose on a plane flight to Palm Springs last week. Leaving Thursday afternoon they stayed the night in King City owing to non-visibility due to heavy fog. They returned Sunday afternoon.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

RUB soothing, warming Musterole well into your chest and throat. Musterole is NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant" containing good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor and other valuable ingredients. That's why it gets such fine results—better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. It penetrates, stimulates, warms and soothes, drawing out local congestion and pain. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, No. 4867.



EVERYDAY IS SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY

The best of birthday gifts is a Conklin Pen, the world's finest precision writing instrument. Make your selection from our wide assortment of Conklin Pens, Pencils and Sets.

Conklin at Smith's

Heat to Burn Cigars
A cigar burns at from 800 to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, depending on various conditions. A cigarette burns at a lower temperature

Motorists driving south for the New Year holidays, Rose Parade and football game are warned by the Touring Department of the National Automobile Club to make hotel reservations immediately if they wish to be assured of a place to sleep. Practically all desirable accommodations in Pasadena have been reserved, and there is a waiting list. Reservations are still available in Los Angeles but are going fast.

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I'M A NEW WOMAN—THANKS TO PURSANG
Yes, Pursang contains, in properly balanced proportions, such proven elements as organic copper and iron. Quickly stimulates appetite and aids nature in building rich, red blood even in cases of simple anemia. When this happens, energy and strength usually return. You feel like new. Get Pursang from your druggist.

WOMEN WHO HOLD THEIR MEN NEVER LET THEM KNOW

NO matter how much your back aches and your nerves scream, your husband, because he is only a man, can never understand why you are so hard to live with one week in every month. Too often the honeymoon express is wrecked by the nagging tongue of a three-quarter wife. The wise woman never lets her husband know by outward sign that she is a victim of periodic pain. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age." Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

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FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS



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Gifts with a Jingle of Joy!

Coffee Maker—Ah, the aroma of perfect coffee, every time. Smart looking.

Automatic Toaster—No burnt fingers. No burnt toast. Always golden-brown perfection.

Food Server—Three smart glass casseroles keep food hot for "nibble table" meals.

Electric Razor—Ends all shaving muck in the bathroom and sweetens male dispositions.

ISN'T it a grand and glorious feeling to know your gift has been just right? For after all, most of the fun of giving is how well your gift becomes a part of that spirit that makes Christmas the happiest time of all the year.

Electric table appliances truly become part of the holiday spirit. From Christmas to New Year's they are immediately useful for the informal parties that are so much a part of the holiday season.

Holiday parties are fun—even for the hostess—when done electrically, in the modern manner, buffer style. The silent, effortless and low-cost operation of modern electric table appliances make for easier entertaining and happier hostesses.

This year is an electrical gift year. You'll see electric table appliances displayed in all the stores. Make your Christmas gift hunting easier. Buy an electrical gift.

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PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
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The Modern Santa Claus

NEW SAFETY for BABIES

Mother—think of it! Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in maternity work now give their babies a body-rub every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil! Why? Because this treatment keeps the baby

safer from his worst enemy, GERMS...helps protect his skin against infection. Give your baby this greater safety. It's so important! Buy a bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Oil at your druggist's today.

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